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MARCH 12, 1949 FIFTEEN CENTS

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## T. S. ELIOT: IN SIGHT OF POSTERITY

By BEN RAY REDMAN

T. S. Eliot—"His whole life has been a continuing search for order in an appallingly disordered world."

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# This Week

*March 12, 1949*

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MORROW





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# TRADE Winds

## CHOSEN AT RANDOM

**GEORGE J. S. KING,** compiling literary centenaries of the year 1949 for the *London Bookseller,* notes that in 1849 the first number of "David Copperfield" appeared, and at a dinner Charles Dickens gave to commemorate the event, the guests included Thackeray, the Carlyles, and Mrs. Gaskell. Thackeray was writing "Pendennis," but its progress was retarded by a serious illness. Titans whose first published works bore the date 1849 were Matthew Arnold, George Meredith, and Ibsen. On the Continent, Reuter began in 1849 the service of telegrams which revolutionized communications in Europe, Victor Hugo was named chairman of the first peace conference, and Dostoievsky was sent to hard labor in Siberia. . . . The outstanding literary event of 1749 was the publication of Fielding's "Tom Jones." Samuel Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes" also appeared. On August 28, 1749, Goethe was born. . . . Three hundred years ago—1649—the execution of Charles I seemingly stymied literary endeavor in England: the leading writers, like everyone else, were embroiled in politics. . . .

**A GLOBE-TROTTING PUBLISHER** reports a rather satisfying experience in the first-class carriage of an English railroad train. Next to a crusty old gaffer in a crowded compartment, he discovered a seat that was occupied only by the old gentleman's battered Gladstone. "Would you mind removing this bag?" the publisher asked pleasantly. "It's not mine," snapped the gentleman. "It belongs to a friend of mine." "In that case," said the publisher, "I'll just sit here until your friend shows up, and hold the bag in my lap." A few moments later, the train started. The publisher heaved the bag out of the window and explained, "Your friend must have missed his train. He'll undoubtedly be wanting his baggage when he does show up."

The old gentleman stomped out of the compartment at the train's first stop in a London suburb. His comments will not be quoted. . . .

**ANOTHER STORY** from London concerns a wealthy Scotch baron, consumed with his own importance, who was granted an audience with the Pope. Before setting out for Rome, he ordered a magnificent new costume, kilts and all, in the distinctive pattern of his clan, although he was assured such fuss was unnecessary. Dressed to the hilt—or kilt—he was received in due course by the Pope, who conversed with him pleasantly for fifteen minutes without once referring to his beautiful garments. Just as he was bowing out, however, the Pope remarked absent-mindedly, "I understand you are Scotch." . . . . Sir Ernest Gower, in "Plain Words," recalls a letter that Bernard Shaw sent to the London *Times*: "There is a busybody on your staff who devotes a lot of his time to chasing split infinitives. Every good literary craftsman splits his infinitives when the sense demands it. I call for the immediate dismissal of this pedant. It is of no consequence whether he decides to go quickly or quickly to go or to quickly go. The important thing is that he should go at once." . . .

**HENRY COMMAGER DEFINES A** specialist as a doctor who gives wealthy people the satisfaction of knowing that their relatives died cured. . . . Francis L. Duffy writes, "Ely Culbertson says there are only five recognized bridge authorities in America today. Isn't it amazing the number of times you happen to draw one of them for a partner?". . . . A belligerent authoress barged into the New York office of the World Publishing Company to denounce Bill Targ for the jacket design of the reprint edition of one of her novels. "She phones every day. I can't shut her up," mourned Bill. "What are you going to do about it?" asked an associate. "In the words of Ben Ames Williams," said Targ, "leave her to Zevin." . . . Stackpole & Heck have published a book by F. C. Ness called "Practical Dope on the Big Bores." It is about nobody you know—or read, however; it charts the "history, characteristics, and results (ballistically and on game) of large-caliber cartridges developed here during the last twenty years." . . . Myron Beck, editor of the *Atlantian,* has sent me a transcript of a conversation between a new arrival at the U. S. penitentiary and an official thereof. The official asked, "In the event that you should become seriously ill here, whom do you want us to notify?" The newcomer answered, "The doctor." . . . A visiting buyer paid fourteen dollars for a ticket to the new Maxwell Anderson play the other night. He confessed the next morning that he had thought the title was "Anne of the Thousand Ways." . . . On the wall of Will Hall's office there hangs a plaque which reads, "QUE HERMOSO ES NO HACER NADA Y LUEGO DESCANSAR." ("How beautiful it is to have nothing to do—and then to rest afterwards.") . . .

**HARRY HANSEN AND** Charlie MacArthur, bound for a luncheon in the Wedgwood Room of the Waldorf, entered the revolving door on the heels of an imposing figure in uniform. He wore gold epaulets, a plumed hat, three rows of medals on his chest, and carried a huge sword at his side. "Who can he be?" wondered Hansen. MacArthur answered in a confidential whisper, "Argentinian Secret Service." . . .

**HOWARD CULLMAN, CHAIRMAN OF** the Port of New York Authority, and angel of a dozen Broadway play hits, returned from France aboard the *Queen Mary* recently, and occupied a deck chair next to Severance Millikin, the Cleveland industrialist. Inevitably, Cullman steered the conversation round to his favorite topic, the theatre. "One project we have in mind," he said, "is a revival of Pirandello's 'As You Desire Me.' If we could only persuade Marta Abba to come back to the stage and play the lead, I'm convinced we'd have a smash. I'll never forget her superb performance in 'Tovarich'." As Mr. Cullman enlarged upon his theme, Mr. Millikin became increasingly cordial, and finally remarked, "Would you like to meet Mrs. Millikin, who is sitting on the other side of you? She was Marta Abba before I married her." (When Cullman told me the story, he added,

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# POCKET BOOKS

"Want it in the vest, coat, or trousers edition?"

"For once in my life, I said the right thing!") . . . .

**MACKINLAY KANTOR, MAKING** a round of military flying fields for a series of articles he is preparing, alleges that he encountered one Air Force captain who was sixty-one years old. "Yes, sir," boasted the captain, "I'm the oldest junior officer in the whole Air Corps, and if you'd like to know why, here's my story.

"During World War II, when we were engaged in our island-hopping campaign in the Pacific, I was based for months on one island where the C. O. delighted in getting us out of our comfortable beds in the middle of every night for an 'alert.' After it had happened thirty-two nights in succession, I got a great idea. I got hold of a tame orang-utan that hung outside the canteen begging for food, dressed him in an officer's uniform, and trained him painstakingly to run to my plane whenever the 'alert' sounded. He'd climb in, close the plexiglass dome over his head, pull down his goggles, switch on the engine, turn over the propeller, and keep his hand on the throttle until he heard the 'all clear.'

"It worked like a charm for weeks. One night, however, the 'all clear' never came. I jumped out of bed, dressed, and rushed over to the field, just in time to see my plane, with the orang-utan at the stick, take off in perfect alignment with the others. When the last plane zoomed into the sky, there were only two people left on the whole field: me and the C. O. He gave me a withering look but never said a word.

"Well, sir, that's why I'm the oldest captain in the corps. And I wouldn't mind a bit—if it wasn't for the fact that that damn orang-utan is now a lieutenant colonel!"

—BENNETT CERF.



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# THE Gutenberg Award

THE GUTENBERG AWARD will be presented, at a formal dinner on April 12, 1949 in the Crystal Ballroom of the Ritz Carlton Hotel, to the author of the book which most progressively influenced American thought during 1948. The Award will take the form of a prize of $1000 and a gold-plated plaque.

CANDIDATES for the Award have been chosen by ballot of persons associated with the book industry (book manufacturers, book publishers, editors, librarians, booksellers, etc.).

THE FINAL WINNER will be chosen by three judges; *Norman Cousins*, editor of the Saturday Review of Literature; *Irita Van Doren*, editor of Herald Tribune Books; *Dr. Henry C. Link*, author of "Road to Religion" and vice-president of the Psychological Corp.

***Following are the ten candidates for the Award:***

CRUSADE IN EUROPE
*by Dwight D. Eisenhower*

*CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY*
*by Alan Paton*

*EDUCATION IN A DIVIDED* WORLD
*by James Bryant Conant*

NO PLACE TO HIDE
*by David Bradley*

OUR PLUNDERED PLANET
*by Fairfield Osborn*

ROAD TO SURVIVAL
*by William Vogt*

ROOSEVELT AND HOPKINS
*by Robert E. Sherwood*

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE HUMAN MALE
*by Kinsey, Pomeroy and Martin*

THE GATHERING STORM
*by Winston S. Churchill*

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD
*by Norman Mailer*

***How many of these have you read?***

## BOOK INDUSTRY COMMITTEE

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## The Griffin Gets the Facts

THE GRIFFIN knows almost none of those calm, mysterious people who can hear or think about world news these days without experiencing one of the most painful of all emotions—frustration; in the case of the news about Russian-American relations, a profound, violent, almost helpless frustration, born of un-understanding.

So the Griffin takes considerable pride in having produced a book which eases that frustration: STALIN & Co., THE POLITBURO: *The Men Who Run Russia,* by Walter Duranty.

Most of us don't know the simple facts. We don't know *whom* we mean when we talk about "the Russians" in international terms. We don't know more than the names of a few of Russia's leaders. Who are they, and what are their histories, personalities, and beliefs? Is Stalin a prisoner of the Politburo, as some statesmen say? If so, what *is* the Politburo? If not, what kind of man is the dictator Stalin? Unless we know the answers, East and West must continue to move about each other, carrying destruction, in grooved and horribly narrowing circles, with at least one of us, perhaps both, wishing to stop but not daring because both are blind.

Some months ago it occurred to the Griffin that the bewildering questions about Russia might be answered by the man who spent thirteen years as Moscow correspondent of the N. Y. Times, the man who won the Pulitzer Prize for his articles on Stalinism, the man who has known, watched, talked to many of the Russian leaders since their early revolutionary days, the man who knows the facts behind the Kremlin walls, from first-hand experience.

Walter Duranty was that man, and he answered the Griffin's question by writing a startlingly clear, objective, and readable book. It is neither an apologia for Russia's leaders nor an attack upon them. STALIN & Co. presents the facts, not as we wish them to be and not as the Russians may wish us to think of them, *but as they are.*

The Griffin believes Americans have changed since pre-war years, that Americans came out of World War II less dogmatic than they were after World War I. Most Americans genuinely want to know what goes on in the minds that run Russia, even though those same minds have hindered that knowledge by classifying it as top-secret.

Therefore, as John Gunther says: "It should be the duty as well as the pleasure of literate citizens to read this book. The peace of the world depends on what is going on in the Politburo today and nobody is better equipped than Mr. Duranty to tell us what is really what in Stalin's cabinet."


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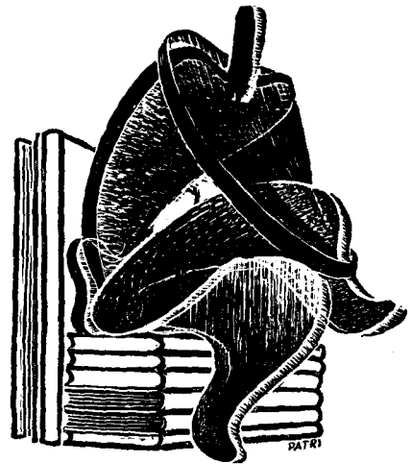
The Saturday Review of Literature

# T. S. Eliot: In Sight of Posterity

BEN RAY REDMAN

IT is one of the novelties of our period, I believe, that any considerable body of criticism in book form should spring up around a living author whose work has not yet had time to prove its powers of survival; but whatever else we may think of such critical activity, and no matter what its ultimate value may be, we may be fairly sure that it is calculated to assist its hero towards survival, by at least making certain that he will be conspicuous in the sight of posterity. Whatever his final fate or position, he can hardly be ignored.

T. S. Eliot, perhaps beyond any of his contemporaries, has attracted to himself the kind of attention of which I speak. From the days of "The Waste Land" until now, his poetry has been read as carefully and as respectfully as poetry can be read, whether it be by Shakespeare or Sophocles, and his frequently obscure or ambiguous words have been elucidated with both persistence and ingenuity; for during a time when many critics have assured us that to insist upon discovering a poem's precise meaning is to misunderstand the very nature of poetry itself, other critics—in some odd cases, even the same—have devoted themselves to the discovery of exactly such exact meanings, with a zeal and a particularity known to few of their professional predecessors. And while Mr. Eliot's poems have been vivisected, explained, and imitated, his essays have won him a virtually undisputed position as the most honored, most influential critic of his generation—one who is credited with having revalued the literature of the past, corrected taste, and provided many examples of sound critical practice. Here and there a few voices have been heard to suggest that his theories of literature have been something less than consistent, and Ivor Winters has even gone so far as to declare: "The fact is that at any given time he can speak with equal firmness and dignity on both sides of almost any question, and with no realization of the difficulties in which he is involved." But, in prose as well as poetry, despite dissenters and heretics, Mr. Eliot's march from eminence to eminence has been generally approved



and applauded; and it would be hard to pick out a literary career which has exhibited a neater pattern of achievement than the one which—while yet uncompleted and in full, expanding vigor—has been crowned by both the Nobel Prize for Literature and the coveted British Order of Merit.*

Yet, after reading Mr. Eliot with considerable care for almost thirty years, I find it hard not to believe that judicious readers of future generations will be seriously puzzled by certain features of his present reputation and by the character of much of the critical writing that has been spent upon him. Among other things, they will probably find it difficult to understand how so many critics have been able to hail him as their influential guide and teacher, while pursuing in their elucidations of his work critical methods so radically different from his own. But I shall return to this point later. First let us look at two recent books on our subject.*

EACH is a good example of its kind. Each is sure to prove helpful to an inquiring reader who would understand the poet of "Mr. Prufrock," "Gerontian," "The Waste Land," "The Hollow Men," "Ash Wednesday," and "Four Quartets." And each proves what has been proved before: that many of T. S. Eliot's intelligent contemporaries are ready to dedicate large amounts of their intelligence and energy to the explanation and appreciation of his writings. This readiness must mean that these critics are happily free of any doubt as to the high order of those same writings. Indeed, such books as these could hardly be constructed except on the assumption that Mr. Eliot is an already accepted, if not entirely understood, classic.

Mr. Rajan's volume is, as announced, the work of several hands. The leading place is held by Cleanth Brooks's well-known analysis of "The Waste Land," which first appeared in book form in 1939; and the writing of which was necessitated, so many years after the poetic event which it clarifies, by the fact that the poem had, in Mr. Brooks's words:

> been almost consistently misinterpreted since its first publication. Even a critic so acute as Edmund Wilson has seen the poem as essentially a statement of despair and disillusionment, and this account sums up the stock interpretation of the poem. Indeed, the phrase, "the poetry of drouth," has become a cliché of left-wing criticism. It is such a misrepresentation of "The Waste Land" as this which allows Eda Lou Walton to entitle an essay on contemporary poetry, "Death in the Desert"; or which causes Waldo Frank to misconceive of Eliot's whole position and person-

*Part of Eliot's work has recently been issued in a Nobel Prize edition: *COLLECTED POEMS; SELECTED ESSAYS. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.* 1949. 2 *vols.* $8.50.

**T. S. ELIOT: A Study of His Writings by Several Hands. Edited by B. Rajan. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.* 1948. 153 *pp.* $3.

*T. S. ELIOT: The Design of His Poetry. By Elizabeth Drew. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1949. 216 *pp.* $3.



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ality. But more than the meaning of one poem is at stake. If "The Waste Land" is not a world-weary cry of despair or a sighing after the vanished glories of the past, then not only the popular interpretation of the poem will have to be altered but also the general interpretations of postwar poetry which begin with such a misinterpretation as a premise.

By exposing and explaining the Christian material which lies at the core of this famous poem, Mr. Brooks set the misguided faithful straight, possibly to the satisfaction of Mr. Eliot himself, who had complained in "Thoughts After Lambeth" that his intention in writing "The Waste Land" had been completely misunderstood; and it seems to me that the incident is worth noting here, because of the thoughts which it sets in motion regarding a kind of poetry which can be so misinterpreted for so many years by its most admiring readers, as well as its detractors, and a kind of criticism which can strike so wide of the mark at which a poet has aimed. Of all the dicta with which Mr. Eliot has impressed his followers, probably the most effective has been the statement that modern poetry must be "difficult." But Mr. Eliot's experience with "The Waste Land" suggests that when poetry surpasses a certain degree of difficulty it cannot safely be left, for interpretation, to even the most intelligent critics. This is a disturbing state of affairs, in the midst of which one must be prepared to learn, say ten years from now, from Mr. Eliot's own lips, that all that has been written about "Four Quartos" is —in his own word—"nonsense."

Meanwhile the critical effort continues valiantly—the effort to identify his symbols, explain the significance of their arrangements, describe his poetic structures, finger their textures, test their tensions, plot his strategy of expression, enumerate his ambiguities and ambivalences, and trace to their widely dispersed sources in many languages the quotations, paraphrases, and allusions which serve as such important strands in Mr. Eliot's webs of poetry. Most important of all, perhaps, is the continuing critical effort to discover an underlying order, and a developing body of thought and belief, beneath the original, eccentric, and often confusing verbal patterns which seem at first and even second glance to be expressions of disordered thinking and irresponsible linguistic caprice.

In Mr. Rajan's book the editor himself traces the spiritual journeys and examines the symbols of the "Quartets," and decides that "there is a common scheme which underlies the deployment of each symbol." But he cautiously adds: "What this scheme is I should hesitate to specify, beyond suggesting that 'Burnt Norton' is concerned with constructing concepts, 'East Coker' and 'The Dry Salvages' with the application of those concepts to a steadily widening area of experience, and 'Little Gidding' with the transfiguration of the facts within that area, by the radiance and finality of a truth which lies beyond it." He is quite certain, however, despite admitted deficiencies of understanding, that the "Quartets" are the products of years of thought by a single, developing intelligence, which, "in some of the most moving poetry that English literature has known . . . speaks with the precision of an ultimate sincerity." This is an interesting example of the now fashionable critical practice, according to which one must not hesitate to deliver a final judgment merely because one's comprehension of the artist's intention—perhaps even his achievement—is far from final.

HELEN L. GARDNER also deals with the increasingly famous "Quartets," while admitting that "the cross-references between the poems are now seen to be so various, subtle, and complex that formal interpretation seems more than ever clumsy and impertinent, and may even mislead readers, by appearing to impose a logical scheme on poems which continually escape from the logic of discourse into something nearer to the conditions of musical thought." With these candid misgivings, she goes bravely forward to discover that the structure of the "Quartets" is essentially the same as that of "The Waste Land," that each poem consists of five

# *Your Literary I. Q.*

**By Howard Collins**

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Alice G. Keane, of Cincinnati, knows the answer. Below are twenty questions involving the names of well-known writers which mean more than you'd imagine. Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 28.

1. Two American poets whose names are a breed of cattle and a place to graze.
2. Two English novelists whose names are ways to circumvent thieves.
3. An American novelist and an American woman writer (her style unique) whose names are a popular drink and its container.
4. Two English poets whose names describe "sweet sixteen" or "bobby-soxers."
5. An English writer of whimsical fiction and an Irish playwright whose names are what we hear many persons do at Christmas time.
6. An English poet with the name of a farm animal and an English philosopher and essayist whose name is a valuable part of that animal.
7. An English novelist whose name suggests places to quench thirst and an American novelist whose name is a place to swim.
8. An American clergyman-author and an English novelist whose names suggest a fine state of health.
9. Two English poets (one a Laureate) whose names are a stream and means of crossing it.
10. An American novelist with the name of a long-legged bird and an English novelist with the name of a tiny bird.
11. Two American novelists whose names are a much hunted animal and its chief characteristic.
12. Two English poets with ecclesiastical names.
13. Two American novelists, one name a means of communication, one a means of transportation.
14. A famous American journalist and an American poet whose combined names are what we see from our windows on cold mornings.
15. An American novelist and an English woman political writer whose names are points of the compass.
16. An American short-story writer and an American novelist whose names are members of the deer family.
17. An English poet and an English writer of letters whose names are warm articles of clothing.
18. An English writer of fantastic tales and an American poet. The first suggests the way we look when we are very sick, the second is the last necessity of mortals.
19. An American poet whose name describes Lincoln's appearance and an American detective-story writer whose full name fits Henry VIII.
20. An American poet and novelist whose name suggests quiet and serenity and an English poet whose name suggests tumult.



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distinct movements, and that all four poems are variations on a single theme, which may be defined variously as "the relation of time to eternity, or the meaning of history, or the redemption of time and the world of men." The end towards which they all lead the poet and his readers is the assurance of resurrection and life everlasting, in the eternal presence of God's eternal love.

The Rajan symposium also includes E. E. Duncan Jones's close study of "Ash Wednesday" (which the critic describes as "a poem full of connections which are too subtle for the intellect," and therefore, possibly, beyond the range of intelligent criticism); Philip Wheelwright's investigations of Eliot's philosophical themes ("The primary theme which stirs Eliot's poetry into intellectual movement is the barrenness of man's contemporary spiritual estate."); Anne Ridler's examination of Eliot's influence on younger poets ("the perfection of his form at every stage . . . has caused imitations of Eliot to remain imitations merely"); Wolf Mankowitz's notes on "Gerontian" (which, as F. R. Leavis has said, "has neither narrative nor logical continuity"); and M. C. Bradbrook's perceptive remarks on Mr. Eliot's critical method: "He starts off a process. Either the reader obtains very little from the criticism or he is himself precipitated into activity. Mr. Eliot employs criticism not to the communication of truths but to the cooperative delineation of the poetic experience."

This brief summary, with its snippets of quotation, obviously does not do justice to the labors of Mr. Rajan and his collaborators; but it is almost enough to glance at the table of contents of such a volume as theirs to realize what wide fields, and fertile depths, open themselves when serious and determined critics set about the business of dealing thoroughly with a living classic.

Miss Drew goes it alone, and her subject is nothing less than T. S. Eliot's poetry as a whole, or, more specifically, the "design" of that whole. Always interesting, sometimes brilliant, generally persuasive, she has studied the canon, from "Prufrock" to the "Quartets," in the light of certain theories of Jung concerning the primordial images and archtypes of the "collective unconscious"; particularly the process or experience which he calls "the archtype of transformation," or the Integration of the Personality,—a process which always involves "the death of an old life and the birth of a new"; a process which Jung describes as "occurring to those who have reached a dead end in the field

(Continued on page 30)

**Fiction.** *This week is marked by the publication of Sinclair Lewis's first historical novel, "The God-Seeker," a long jump from his previous book, "Kingsblood Royal." From "Elmer Gantry" to "Kingsblood Royal," Sinclair Lewis has attacked through the years America's bigotry and intolerance. "The God-Seeker" is the story of the founding of a Minnesota settlement by heroic Calvinist missionaries of New England, as narrow-minded and as effective as the blade of a pioneer axe. It is a stirring book, somewhat marred by the author's admiration for their heroism and a dislike of their fire and brimstone qualities. Ernest Poole's "The Nancy Flyer" is a novel of the same period, with a background of New Hampshire in the great stage coach days. Alexander Baron's "From the City, From the Plow" is the story of the creation and death of a British battalion, and is reported to be one of World War II's best novels.*

# *Mission in Minnesota*

*THE GOD-SEEKER. By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Random House. 1949. 422 pp. $3.50.*

Reviewed by
HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

THIS novel has bounce and energy, as if Sinclair Lewis had a good time writing it, an energy that carries the reader through the ups and downs of a curiously uneven book. It is a tale of early Minnesota. Aaron Gadd, a young man from Massachusetts, persuaded by a revivalist to go West, joins a religious settlement somewhere beyond St. Paul, comes to distrust it, marries a rather improbable "Indian princess," and gives up the missionaries to become one of the founders of the Twin Cities. There the book should stop. But Mr. Lewis, burning what formerly he adored and adoring what formerly he burned, now sees the state which produced Gopher Prairie as the historical heart of democracy; he goes into a tailspin of sentimentality about a labor union and a fugitive slave that, had anybody else written it, he would scoff at.

Sinclair Lewis—"burning what formerly he adored and adoring what formerly he burned."

The novel proper comes in a series of layers. The opening quarter is as good as anything Lewis has written, particularly the first chapter. If it be complained that the rigid quality of the elder Gadd's Calvinism is a stereotype or that the seamy sexuality of the small town is no revelation, one must nevertheless admire the vividness with which Mr. Lewis presents the Gadd family, its neighbors, its relatives, and its community. Comes then the revival meeting in which young Gadd has his conviction of sin, but this is less firmly set in an historical matrix and might be any revival meeting satirically seen. For the westward journey of his hero, Lewis has rightfully plundered the travel accounts, and perhaps for that reason he has amusingly caught the general flavor of Mr. Jefferson Brick appropriate to his purpose.

It is when Gadd gets to his frontier missionary settlement that ambiguity sets in. Nothing is more reminiscent of the frayed historical romance of 1900 than are Selene Lanark, the "Indian princess," her cultured, cynical, fur-trading father, Black Wolf, the proud, embittered, cultivated redskin, or Gadd's discovery that Indians are human beings. All this takes one back half a century in American literature.

The tight, abnormal life of the missionary settlement is written in still another key, admirable in its kind but not easily fused with the Indian episodes. Harge, the giant missionary, is convincing and, despite his preposterous language, rather pathetic. So are some of the others. The trouble here



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is Mr. Lewis's curious notion of Protestant dialogue. These people talk and think, not like persons living in the Forties and Fifties of the last century, but like persons living in Zenith City in the Twenties of this.

Herein, I think, lies the odd fascination of "The God-Seeker." Mr. Lewis is torn. On the one hand, he rightly admires the humble, unsung heroism of these missionaries, who, with all their incredible ignorance, helped create a state. On the other hand, he cannot help spoofing their naive and ridiculous ideas. The result is perpetual uncertainty. He no sooner wins the sympathy of the reader for one of these heroic souls than he drowns that sympathy in a flood of burlesque dialogue. If the frame and substance of the story are honorable testimony to Mr. Lewis's love for Minnesota, his characters strike attitudes and use phrases that call up Mencken in the rowdy Twenties.

Yet, by and large, "The God-Seeker" is a better job than was "Kingsblood Royal." Despite the travesty, its pages do have human kindliness, and, despite the coda, the book is well built, economically structured. It is a pleasant palinode sung to honor the Middlewest.

# *Painter, Actress, and Financier*

*THERE IS NO ARMOUR. By Howard Spring. New York: Harper & Bros. 1949. 436 pp. $3.50.*

Reviewed by EDMUND FULLER

MR. SPRING'S novel chronicles the career of Edward Pentecost, whom we follow from an impecunious childhood to an established success as a fashionable portrait painter and associate of the Royal Academy. Ted, we might as well understand at once, although we are convinced that he is a competent and intelligent portraitist, is not going to disturb the tradition that the English have produced more notable writing than painting.

A little more than half of the book is superb. These are the pages recounting Ted Pentecost's childhood and his years of striving. They are vivid, swift-paced, and compelling. The elder Pentecosts, Ted's ingratiating sister Blanche, Uncle Kitto, Anatole Lop, Captain Marquick, and the weird family called Brimlow bring a Dickensian enrichment to them. Masterly is the only term for the long account of Ted's father's conversion to a grim sect of Plymouth Brethren. Scenes in the city of Manchester, especially its slums, and scenes in Cornwall and in London are graphically projected. Mr. Spring appears to love Cornwall and he makes us feel the qualities of Falmouth, and of Aunt Sapphire Kitto's coast estate.

But once Ted has become established, and increasingly as the next generation usurps the center of attention, the pace slackens. Mr. Spring has fallen into the bitter-end fallacy and drags us behind him the last quarter of the way, through the Second World War, rather wearily to the finish. Moreover, he is an enthusiast for sailing and by any criterion other than that of a sailing fanatic there is an excess of small-boat technology.

Ted's rise as a painter is paralleled by the rise of Iris Randle from cheap music halls to be a queen of the legitimate stage. Her long relationship with Ted and its delicate juxtaposition to his marriage to Prue Cleghorn are well studied. A third, and even more spectacular, rise is that of the repellent and sinister Luther Brimlow to the highest powers of international finance of the shady sort: a kind of Ivar Kreuger.

In spite of the title text, "There is no armour against Fate," the chief philosophic concern of the book would seem to be the contrast between the warped religion of the Plymouth Brethren and the larger religious sense. This religious sense is simply expressed in Prue Pentecost's summation of the teachings of her Uncle Jesse Cleghorn, who had been a celebrated philosopher: "The individual, subdued yet fortified by an apprehension of God: that's what he's getting at."

In a large part, that is what Mr. Spring is getting at, too, I think. And we might add Prue's further words, concerning the increased sale of her Uncle Jesse's books, "I hope this little boom doesn't mean that the world, like me, is coming to Jesse on its deathbed."

# *Stage Coach Days*

*THE NANCY FLYER. By Ernest Poole. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1949. 232 pp. $3.*

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

ALTHOUGH this is a fictitious autobiography, it has all the unstudied simplicity, the natural, unselective, factual outpouring of an authentic document. It might be the unlettered narrative of somebody like, say, Davy Crockett, set in a later period of another kind of pioneering. This effect is achieved by virtue of the remarkable background that Mr. Poole has stretched all the way along and through his book; the background is by far more important and vital than the romantic fiction which he has devised for the front and center of the stage.

The place is New Hampshire. In 1835, when this tale begins, Sam Hubbard was seven and saw his first stage-coach, the *Nancy Flyer*. That was one of the best coaches on the New Hampshire road, driven by Bob Gale, the boldest and most dashing of drivers. The *Nancy Flyer* was named after young Sam's widowed mother, Nancy, who ran the Bull Moose Tavern near Lisbon on the Ammonoosuc River — and thereby hangs the tale. For Bob Gale was enamored of Nancy, and Sam was jealous of the driver with all the fury of a passionate boy in love with his mother. At the same time, too, Sam admired Bob Gale for his daring and skill on the driver's seat. The coach driver of the Hampshire roads was a heroic figure in those days, very much like today's air pilot; the same kind of man was attracted to the job. Nancy found out that, much as Bob loved and wanted her, he seemed to love his coach and horses more. She had to take second place, as did the sea captain's wife, as does the pilot's. She did this with grace, and took a hand herself in the development of coach runs from Lisbon to Plymouth through Franconia Notch, and the more dangerous run up into Canada.

As Sam grew into manhood, himself to become a noted driver on the dangerous runs, he absorbed much of the lore of this period of horses and coaches, soon to vanish. He frequented the taverns, hobnobbed with the other drivers and the strange guests they transported, learned the songs of the road and the tavern, matched tales of exploits on frozen roads in the teeth of whipping gales. (The songs and the tales are here, verbatim.) It was a rich period, termi-



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nated by the rumors of inevitable war. Sam himself had participated more than once in the Underground Railway and felt a keen sympathy for the escaping slaves. When war came in 1861 he dropped his driver's whip, so he thought—only to take it up again training horses for the Union Army. Sam managed to get through the war whole and unhurt, and he returned to Lisbon with an ambition to use his new knowledge of breeding and training, to develop faster horses for the coach runs. But another force was now working, more irresistible and final than war itself. The railroad was crossing the continent. The Union Pacific inched its way toward the appointed meeting place with the Southern Pacific. On the day they sank the famous ceremonial golden spike, they put an end at the same time to the fabulous era of the stage coach.

This is the burden of Sam Hubbard's tale, told with rough gusto and simple, ingratiating charm, reading like an authentic diary of the time. For an extra fillip there are the love stories—the frustrate love of Nancy and Bob, and the bucolic love of Sam and his Annie Laurie, most appropriately named. But the heart of the book is its documentary material on coaches and runs, on drivers and horses, taverns, songs, the life in the New Hampshire towns before the railroad put an end to the whole scene as though it were wiped off the slate.

### FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 298

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 298 will be found in the next issue.*

GPN NYNDI PLW YE ANORY-

RGN YLDN, GPETBP RY L MNZ-

GLRY ANBZNN UN LSS QYEU

PRD.—BRSKNZG DTZZLI

*Answer to Literary Crypt No. 297*
Human history is in essence a history of ideas.
—HERBERT G. WELLS.

# *Annihilated British Battalion*

*FROM THE CITY, FROM THE PLOUGH. By Alexander Baron. New York: Ives Washburn.* 1949. 224 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by ARTHUR C. FIELDS

**"At times Alexander Baron's prose is tender unto tears."**

"IT'S like this. You're sitting at home by the fire reading the paper. Your ma calls down the stairs. 'Alfie, go up the corner for a tin loaf.' Nothing else for it. You put the paper down an' you go up the road for the loaf." That's war Alexander Baron's character is talking about. "Just like goin' up the road for a loaf." Just running up a beach and having your foot blown off by a mine, just finding a bullet's path where your eyes should be, just wiping out an entire battalion of British infantry. That, too, is what Mr. Baron is talking about in his slight, excellent war novel "From the City, From the Plough."

The story of a battalion of British infantry, Mr. Baron's book begins with a prologue (producing an extremely clever flash-back technique) and goes on to tell all about the outfit, how it got there, what it is preparing for, introduces the officers and men, sketches their lives, and then quickly, efficiently, engages the battalion in combat where, in the course of three months, it is annihilated.

That is the plot of "From the City, From the Plough," as simple and ruthless a war novel as has appeared on American bookstands in many months. Succinct, direct, lean of encumbrances, the novel is underwritten with all the reserve and restraint so characteristic of much modern British prose. Its pace is slow, word-for-word, the development is careful and sure, the climax, when it comes, is swift and complete. In short, the appearance of "From the City, From the Plough" is like the hanging of an extremely fine miniature painting among the huge murals that have occupied the galleries dedicated to the memory of World War II.

And yet Mr. Baron's novel is something of a paradox. For in its very qualities—reserve, extreme care, restraint—lie its faults. Mr. Baron writes movingly of war, at times his prose is tender unto tears, and yet, for all that, there is hardly any reader-identification throughout the whole of the book. Perhaps it is that the author has chosen for his subject not a platoon, not even a company, but a full battalion—and a battalion is a lot of men. Trying to handle a subject that size is almost an impossible task for a 224-page book. Mr. Baron, one must note, makes a magnificent attempt. His novel is not about the men as individuals, but about a fighting unit which is composed of individuals who happen to be men; still, by naming names and developing (if only slightly) his characters, he provokes a curiosity in these men which is never satisfied as each turns to casualty, to corpse. Charlie Venable, Alfie, Colonel Pothecary are too provocative to duck from the printed page without another word. That's war, true. No final tumble is anticipated, but this is not a reportorial novel; it is a carefully-painted, each-stroke-counting miniature painting, and on the canvas area of a miniature a single error glares monstrously.

Mr. Baron writes with precision and feeling (a rare combination these days) and creates some truly unforgettable scenes. The endlessness, the pain, the fear; the accidents, the sudden quirks and contradictions that confuse any analysis of war. The wild, ungovernable surges of cruelty, followed by placid moments of tenderness and childlike remorse. The off-schedule eruptions of emotions, the dull, incomprehensible hours of monotony. It's all there. If one looks closely. But it is all said in a whisper, in a steady persistent undertone which never—not even at the terrible end—rises to a cry, to a shout, much less a scream. Nevertheless, his book is one of the best novels yet to come out of World War II.



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# *Blimp sans Reproche*

*ANOTHER SUN, ANOTHER HOME. By Rupert Croft-Cooke. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1949. 164 pp. $3.*

Reviewed by ANN F. WOLFE

WHEN the news reached India that England was to have a Socialist government Wilkie said: "Well, I've always wanted to see more done for the fellow who gets his living by hard work. Used to call me a Bolshie when I was at Sandhurst. And in the Regiment. Sorry to see Churchill go, of course, but we must have new blood. Ever read William Morris?"

The key to the tragedy of Wilkie's life lay in that reference to a poetic Victorian Socialist. Wilkie—Colonel Richard Wilkes, D.S.O., O.B.E., late of the 12th Gurkha Rifles—was a romantic and a traditionalist. The best part of his life had been spent in India turning Gurkhas into spit-and-polish soldiers of the Empire. He had counted on seeing action with the crack 12th, if ever war came, but when his battalion was sent to the front, Wilkie, then in his fifties, was rated too old for combat.

The thing that saw Wilkie through that catastrophe was his dream of joining his son and settling down in England. The widowed officer had been away from his native land since 1920, the year Roger, his only child, was born. When the lad was fifteen he spent a month or so in India with his father. Now he was in commando service. To his father Roger meant not only all that was left of life but explanation of all the past loneliness, hardships, and disappointments.

Wilkie retired from service and got back to England in the spring of 1946. He had thought himself prepared for the New Order when, in fact, his heart had stayed with the Old Order, with the way of his youth. Wilkie was "a pitiful piece of jetsam thrown ashore from the past." With his childlike trust in the goodness and generosity of life, how could he have foreseen that he would not be needed?

—*Maurice Ambler.*

**Rupert Croft-Cooke — "master of broad satire."**

The person who needed him least was his son. Charming, soft-mannered Roger needed no one, never had. Wilkie, the Blimp who was a throwback to Bayard, had for offspring a Dorian Gray, chromium model—tubular chromium, for the man was hollow. The only emotion of which he was capable was derisive contempt for the human race. He devised a bookish racket by which he could, at one process, rake in easy wealth and make sordid fools of his fellow men. Exposure of his ghoulish commerce made little difference to Roger, but it did to the man who for twenty-five years had lived not only in but by anticipation of filial comradeship. Convinced at last that, except in the most sterile statistical sense, he had no son, Wilkie made a dramatic change in his life plans.

The story of "Another Sun, Another Home" is told from three points of view, the author's, Wilkie's, and Hugh Greenocks's. The latter is Roger's best friend. Thanks largely to Greenock's misanthropy, Roger and Socialist England come out an inky black. Wilkie —not without the affectionate connivance of the reader—emerges effulgent in white, ever the *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*. His idealistic optimism regarding England pales before the fury of Greenock's pessimism.

Mr. Croft-Cooke is an acutely perceptive social reporter and a master of broad satire. We shall not soon forget his monumental Miss Marshall, for whom time stopped with Victoria's jubilee, or Pyeworth Rectory, where religion bustled about in the guise of Committees, Boards, and Councils.

The English can write of India's dusty roads and Himalayan foothills somewhat as the Irish write of Kerry twilights or noonday hush on Dun Aengus, with a kind of exalted and psychic romanticism. It is descriptive writing in the grand manner, and there is a feast and flow of it in "Another Sun, Another Home." Not since I read "The Wild Sweet Witch" a season or so back have I been so impressively reminded of the Englishman's nostalgia for "the old, the incalculably old India, who had turned over once more in her sleep. . . . Changes, conquests, creeds—what difference would they make to this people? Our own intrusion of two or three centuries' duration seemed already as forgotten as the invasions of Alexander the Great."

—*Clay-Warren.*

**F. L. Green — "the characters are meager."**

# *Pattern of a Crime*

*MIST ON THE WATERS. By F. L. Green. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1949. 250 pp. $2.75.*

Reviewed by WALTER HAVIGHURST

ON A breathless midsummer afternoon Pelancy and Barty Fingal climbed the creaking stairs in a Belfast wholesale house. Pelancy was a big, simple man with a wistful memory of the Irish bogs and mountains. Fingal was a little man, weakly cunning, with practically no memories at all. Ten minutes later they were on the street again, with the motley life of Belfast flowing round them. But everything was changed. For they had blackmailed a man by means of a letter, twenty years old, found in the lining of a coat left at Pelancy's dry-cleaning shop.

Mr. Green's novel carefully explores the changes that followed from that few minutes in the office of the victimized Jimmy Malloy. The change first appeared in the minds of the two petty criminals. Pelancy found that, instead of broadening and enriching his life, the thick roll of money in his pocket only complicated his existence. Fingal discovered that his share of the money narrowed and restricted his life and put him on his guard in unguessed ways. When reports of Malloy's suicide appeared in the newspapers, their mutual relationship began to change. Vilifying each other, yet growing more interdependent, they came to realize that they were sharing a desperation.

In the several days which this novel embraces the two criminals discover changes in all their human relation-

(*Continued on page 27*)



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# The World.

*He who seeks evidence of the way World War II continues to shape the interests of modern man should take a look at the three books reviewed below. Few Americans knew—or cared—a whit about the history of North Africa until thousands of our men landed there in 1942 and helped free it from the forces of Fascism. Galbraith Welch's "North African Prelude" is a lively, if not too successful, attempt to appease the interest stirred by that episode. The problems the war left all citizens of the world are probed, but scarcely solved, by Paul McGuire in "There's Freedom for the Brave." Dr. Alexander Mitscherlich's and Fred Mielke's "Doctors of Infamy" not only details the shocking story of the degradation of the medical profession under the Nazis, but it points up the task we face in dealing with postwar Germany.*

## *Scolding the World*

*THERE'S FREEDOM FOR THE BRAVE. By Paul McGuire. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1949. 309 pp. $4.*

Reviewed by PHILIP E. MOSELY

THIS is a book about the problems which face mankind today. It is, also, and inevitably, a book about Paul McGuire's personal likes and dislikes.

In the men of today McGuire, an Australian-born political economist and historian, senses a disturbing lack of moral purpose. He sees the absence of personal fulfilment in most forms of industrial work and in business. He feels an absence of moral unity in the personality of urban man. He denounces the apparent decline in the feeling of individual responsibility towards the society. At times he seems to attribute this decline to the growing power of the state or even to that easy scapegoat "bureaucracy." At other times he half-way admits that an industrial society turns to the state to achieve necessary aims of stability and welfare which can no longer be assured for large groups by individual efforts.

When Paul McGuire sets out to scold, he goes the whole way. Not satisfied to reject the recent growth of state regulation and control, he goes all the way back to the first protective tariffs as the original falling away from virtue. Here he appears as a Hayek or a Von Mises. Unlike them, however, he is also beset by nostalgia for a society in which production is infused with a community interest, expressed in art and morality, instead of being a mechanically depersonalized round of work executed by unknown and faceless automatons. It is not clear whether McGuire's ideal society is something which has existed at some earlier time, for he avoids localizing it in time or place, or whether it is still to be striven for in the future. Too honest with himself to call the whirlwinds peace, too little the artist to resolve in his mind the conflicts which he finds in men and among men, Mr. McGuire's essay transmutes his impatience with the present world into scolding.

Now, there are scoldings and scoldings. The patient scoldings of a loving mother help to make clear to the child the difference between "I" and "not-I," to point out paths of merit and demerit. Other scoldings may express only the inner frustration of the scolder, and neither enlighten nor guide. Mr. McGuire's scoldings are not very enlightening, nor do they offer much of a guide to action. It is clear that he is suspicious of the claims of the big state, but he believes mankind is on the verge of achieving a world community, which may turn into the biggest state of all. He admires the British Commonwealth as an example of unplanned achievement (apparently he has not heard of Wakefield and the other "planners" who laid the basis for the development of New Zealand), but he also approves of the Monnet plan for modernizing the French economy, despite the leading role which it assigns to the state. In American affairs the author chides the Roosevelt decade because of the growing role of the state; he writes with even greater contempt of the economic nationalism of the Republican Twenties. His one enthusiasm is for the Christian democratic parties of postwar Europe, with their emphasis on respect for the individual, on economic humanism, and on the reinvigoration of a sense of moral purpose in men and in society.

Mr. McGuire is for the Marshall Plan, the Atlantic alliance, the Hull trade-agreements program, cooperation with the British Commonwealth and with Western Europe, the development of backward areas, freedom and opportunity for a variety of human energies and intelligences. He is against the police-state, economic regimentation, laissez-faire, Marxism, and the moral loneliness of industrial society. This wholly admirable and sympathetic catalogue of likes and dislikes, presented with many a flourish of well-turned phrase, still adds up to a rather undigested and confusing minor Jeremiad.

*Philip E. Mosely is professor of international relations at Columbia University.*

## *Negro Kingdoms*

*NORTH AFRICAN PRELUDE. By Galbraith Welch. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1949. 650 pp. $6.*

Reviewed by CARLETON S. COON

IT was high time that someone wrote a general history of North Africa for American readers, and the enthusiasm with which "North African Prelude" has been received may reflect, at least in part, this need. As the author states, the book has no competitor. In no other popular book that I have seen can one find an account of the rich and complex civilization of the Negro kingdoms of the Sudan during the Middle Ages. For the general reader a door has been opened into a new, colorful garden.

The perfume from this garden, however, is not always sweet. Much attention is paid to corpulence, to sex aberrations, and to madness. All the ingredients of the best-selling costume romance are present. While this may make juicy reading, it is highly selective history. Miss Welch races through the private lives of North African historical characters like a Winchell in a jellaba. The style keeps pace with the text; many sentences start off in blank verse and then end in a cluster of short syllables, as if one had fallen off a hidden step at the end of the garden walk. All of this may be fun, but it is hardly history; instead of continuity we find a chopped-up



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scramble of episodes, as confusing as they are entertaining.

Many of Miss Welch's statements cause one to ponder. For example, the name Ibn Abd-el-Hakim is placed in the bibliography. Did Miss Welch read this author's "Kitab ul-Ftuh" in the original Arabic? Only a small section of this highly important source on the invasion of Egypt, North Africa, and Spain by the Arabs has ever been published in translation. On page 172 she quotes him. On page 185, when she has brought Okba to the Atlantic, she says: "Raising his hand to Heaven, he cried, 'Seigneur! If this sea did not stop me I would go . . .," etc. What Okba actually said was presumably, "O Lord!," meaning The Deity. Seigneur is the French word which De Slane, veteran translator of Arabic texts, habitually used in this context. Why should Okba talk French to an American audience?

On pages 15-16 she covers the whole prehistory of Northwest Africa by the mention of a single site, Gafsa. Had she read as widely as she asserts ("I could fill a work as large as the Encyclopaedia Britannica with Africa's past") she might have told us about the work of Ruhlmann and his associates in French Morocco, about the discovery of Crô-Magnon-like skeletons at Afalou bou Rummel in the Department of Oran, or even about the discoveries of the American School of Prehistoric Research in the High Cave near Tangier. Would the readers not like to know that big-toothed men comparable to Neanderthals have been found in Morocco, and that many of the Berbers were still using stone tools as late as 400 A. D.?

Enough of this theme-correcting. Aside from matters of content and style, and of mistakes, petty and great, Miss Welch has belied her own statement: "I take as a model and justification g l o r i o u s Herodotus." Herodotus understood how cultures work. He gave his reader a picture of the culture of each people before he related its history. Miss Welch either does not know how cultures work, or, if she does, she has not bothered to portray them.

*Carleton S. Coon, professor of anthropology at Harvard University, is author of "Tales of Rif," "Measuring Ethiopia," and other volumes.*

# *Nazi Medical Chiefs and Guinea Pigs*

*DOCTORS OF INFAMY: The Story of the Nazi Medical Crimes. By Alexander Mitscherlich, M.D., and Fred Mielke. New York: Henry Schuman.* 1949. 172 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by
BERTRAM SCHAFFNER, M.D.

FEW books have been more accurately titled than "Doctors of Infamy." No matter how much one has already read or heard from returned soldiers, the stories of the so-called medical experiments retold in the documents in this book still have the power to horrify and shock. Part of this emotional effect is due to the legal phrasing and understatement in these records, which allow the descriptions of human torture to speak for themselves. Dr. Mitscherlich and Mr. Mielke, who headed the German Medical Commission at the International Military Tribunal in Nuremberg at the trials from December 1946 to August 1947, add no comments other than explanatory footnotes. They present selected papers from the 11,000 pages of evidence produced at the trials, chiefly letters between Himmler and the doctors carrying out the experiments, records of the experiments themselves, and descriptions by witnesses or "test-persons" who survived. There are also illuminating comments by members of the Church, press, legal, and medical professions, made from 1940-43. These legal and medical records may prove hard going for the non-medically trained mind, but the excellent historical preface by Brig. Gen. Telford Taylor, chief of counsel for war crimes, and the analytical preface by Dr. Leo Alexander, consultant psychiatrist, provide sufficient background with which to garner the full callousness and intellectual dishonesty of the doctors and lay personnel involved.

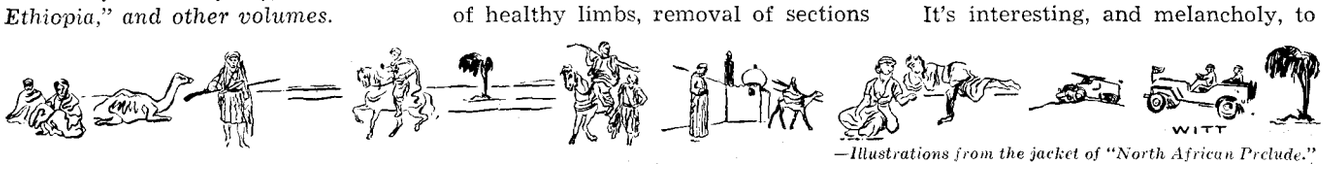
It is hardly necessary to repeat here the tortures which the Nazi medical chiefs inflicted on their human guinea pigs: the prolonged exposure to cold and to sea water, low air pressures and starvation, deliberate amputation of healthy limbs, removal of sections of normal nerves, infection with typhus and gangrene bacilli, alternative methods of castration, euthanasia, and mass killing. These are now standard word-association with the term "concentration camp."

The chief usefulness of this book lies in the opportunity to hear the doctors tell in their own words why they conducted these experiments. A certain number of the doctors were coerced into cooperating. One, who had been accused of Communist sympathies, was ready to agree to do anything in order to regain his professional privileges. Other doctors used the concentration camp material in a bid for personal fame or favor with Heinrich Himmler, who liked the idea of competing with the "intellectual" doctors of the Institute of Aviation Medicine. Himmler's letters reveal his personal neopagan bias toward the "natural"; he himself suggested trying to revive frozen men by placing them between two naked women.

Aside from political motives or fears, there were certain psychological motivations, not expressed in words but clearly implied in the procedure of the experiments. It is obvious in the correspondence that the doctors derived a tremendous sense of power over the lives of the "test-persons." They saw no need to seek the consent of the prisoners to perform an experiment. Moreover, the doctors knew before the experiments began that they were to end fatally, and long after the experiments had plainly demonstrated the inefficacy of certain methods, the experiments would continue, needlessly producing more deaths. There can be little doubt of the sadistic intent of the doctors who performed surgical operations without anesthesia.

Perhaps the most poignant aspect of the whole tragic story is the fact that none of the experiments contributed anything of value to medical knowledge. For doctors in any part of the world, it is a grim lesson in the dangers of forgetting the profession's duty to mankind and slavish submitting to inhuman authority.

It's interesting, and melancholy, to




*—Illustrations from the jacket of "North African Prelude."*



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notice the present attitude of Dr. Mitscherlich and Mr. Mielke. Although they permitted the publication of "Doctors of Infamy" in Switzerland in 1945 and signified their willingness in March 1948 to have the American publishers go ahead with publication, only six months later they tried to prevent the appearance of the book in the USA. Their correspondence with the publishers, which I have had the privilege of examining, is very revealing. They state that they have written a longer, fuller version of the medical trials, that they have changed the German title from "Rape of Humanity" to "Science Without Humanitarianism," that they fear civil suits by the seven acquitted defendants, and that they are afraid that the book will be used by "reactionary elements" to strengthen their position. As they clarify these points, the alarming reality of the contemporary political atmosphere in Germany becomes self-evident. They have enlarged the book to contain the German *defense* arguments. They have softened the title so that it is an indictment of the German medical profession rather than an indictment of the Nazi regime. They are not so much afraid of civil suits by seven defendants as they are swayed by German public opinion which in 1947 was trying to curry favor with the Occupation authorities by obediently accepting guilt for war crimes, and in 1948 feels secure in the thought that the United States is currying German favor. Therefore, one need not concern oneself with admitting war crimes guilt any longer; in fact, it is now disloyal for Germans to do so. It is reported that Mitscherlich was ostracized in 1947 by the faculty of the University of Heidelberg.

When the authors state their fear that this book will be used in the United States to help maintain an attitude of condemnation of Germany, it becomes clear whom they consider to be "reactionaries"—the anti-Nazis. They are afraid of being accused of lack of patriotism by other Germans who are doing their best to help the world forget the Nazi period. The authors permitted "Doctors of Infamy" to circulate in Switzerland and in Germany in its present form from 1945 through 1947; in 1948 they write, "We drew the wrong conclusions." We can be grateful to Mr. Schuman for publishing "Doctors of Infamy," lest we too forget.

*Dr. Bertram Schaffner, a New York psychiatrist, is author of "Father Land: A Study of Authoritarianism in the German Family," recently published by the Columbia University Press.*

THE "Basic Writings of Saint Augustine" (Random House, 2 vols., $10), edited by Whitney J. Oates, now takes its place beside the same publisher's "basic" Aquinas; and the four volumes of these two great thinkers—who, roughly speaking, occupy the relative positions in Christian theology that Plato and Aristotle hold in Greek philosophy—together form a veritable mountain range of arduous literature, which will be thoroughly traversed and charted only by most determined readers. Professor Oates, faced by a task of selection which he describes as overwhelming, has given us the "Confessions," the bulk of "The City of God" and "On the Trinity," and a number of the so-called minor treatises—some of which, like the "Enchiridion," are far from minor—in which Augustine developed his body of beliefs and waged ceaseless war against Manichaeans, Pelagians, and Donatists. Mr. Oates also provides a useful introduction to Augustine's thought; an introduction which leans heavily on Etienne Gilson, and which confronts the well-known variety, expedience, and inconsistencies of Augustine's writings with an insistence on their "simultaneity" or "all-togetherness." Mr. Oates contrasts his author's "open" thought with the "closed system" of Aquinas, defining an open system as "one which comprehends within it all aspects of reality, one which recognizes the principle that 'life runs beyond logic,' and above all, admits the fact that human speculation on ultimate questions is always in process, and cannot in any final sense ever be completed." One reads respectfully, but one cannot help doubting the "open" character of any world-view in which speculation is sternly limited by revelation and faith.

Some readers, because they believe, will think that they also understand, as they follow Augustine's grapplings with such mysteries as original sin, grace, the Trinity, predestination and free will; but others, perhaps less fortunate, will have to find their satisfaction in the spectacle of a first-class mind heroically engaged with insoluble, and perhaps wholly imaginary, philosophical problems.

What a difference there is between Augustine's theocentric, teleological world and our post-Newtonian, Einsteinian, expanding universe of finite yet not-bounded space, in which matter has become so "spectral" that "the notion of *substance*" has had to be replaced by "the notion of *behavior*," and in which the fundamental law of cause and effect stands in doubt, while man's place in nature is a greater mystery than it ever was before! The best introduction to this universe that I know is J. W. N. Sullivan's "The Limitations of Science" (Mentor, 35¢), from which some of the phrases used above have been taken. Here, truly, is much in little. Mr. Sullivan's powers of exposition are remarkable; powers which perform an invaluable public service in the present state of science. And if you are no mathematician, but would have at least an idea of the mathematical tools that have made possible the new world-view, I recommend A. N. Whitehead's little Home University Library "An Introduction to Mathematics" (Oxford, $2). This is no reading for a wandering mind, but the author presents his difficult subject with rare lucidity.

Augustine's schooling at Thagaste, Madaura, and Carthage—a schooling firmly based on literature and rhetoric—is presented as a typical example of fourth-century Roman education in William Boyd's "History of Western Education" (Macmillan, $4.75). This is an excellent survey of its subject, from Greek, Roman, Jewish, and Alexandrian beginnings, through the thousand years during which the Church monopolized learning, through Renaissance, Reformation, and Enlightenment, down to twentieth-century experimental pedagogy. A cynic might argue that education, basically, is society's technique of defending itself against the anarchic potentialities of the individual; that, whether among Papuans, Athenians, or Victorians, conformance is always the rule and aim. But Mr. Boyd would doubtless disagree with what is, perhaps, only a half-truth.

New Pocket Books (25¢ each): Henry Hazlitt's "Economics in One Lesson," Thomas Heggen's "Mister Roberts," George Eliot's "Silas Marner," "Anything Can Happen," by George and Helen Papashvily, Betty MacDonald's "The Egg and I," Worth Tuttle Hedden's "The Other Room," and "The Pocket Book of O. Henry." New Bantam Mysteries (25¢ each): Edgar Lustgarten's "One More Unfortunate" and "The Indigo Necklace Murders," by Frances Crane.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.



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# Women and Money

ON the surface the position of women in America appears to be secure and progressive. As a majority of the electorate they may have political power if they choose to use it. In all but a few states they have the right to enter into business and to study for the professions. They now own between sixty and seventy per cent of the wealth of the country. There was a good reason why the old feminist movement, which secured the vote for women and fought successfully against discriminatory laws and customs in state after state, should have collapsed. It was founded on the false conception of rivalry with men. Women actually do not wish to compete with men, but to complement them and to be acknowledged as their partners in the political, economic, and social life of the nation. Why, then, should the American woman be called today "the lost sex" and why should there exist an increasing literature attacking them or defending them, produced by writers of both sexes? On the one hand, their opponents profess the belief that they are dominating the country and that we are in increasing danger of finding ourselves saddled with a matriarchy in the United States. Others believe that while the rights they have won may remain on the statute books women today are in danger of losing even more than they have gained.

In politics, it has been observed that while they are allowed to vote, they have only a minute representation in the civic and legislative bodies of the country. The new state of India, where women were in slavery a generation ago, has seven times as many elected women representatives as has the United States. The Indian Ambassador to Russia is a woman. Throughout the East, in fact, women hold increasingly important political positions. Anne O'Hare McCormick, writing in the *The New York Times*, has stated that we may lose the battle of Germany because of our neglect of the German women, who outnumber males sixteen to ten, in contrast to Soviet Russia's efforts to train and place them in key places.

With the progressive weakening over the last half century of the institution of marriage the American wife is rapidly losing the security which her position as mother and householder demands. It is perhaps unnecessary to relate the facts: 450,000 divorces in 1947, about one-third of all new marriages that year. But aside from this appalling figure it has gone unnoticed that there were 750,000 homes deserted by husbands in the same year, contrasted with 300,000 homes deserted by wives.

One-third of the labor force of the country is made up of women working in offices and factories. In the continuing industrialization of the nation they will inevitably be in greater demand as science adds new industries which involve, like electronics, the careful and monotonous concern with the assemblage of minute objects, at which women far excel men. As girls took over years ago the control of all of our telephone switchboards because men could not endure the boredom involved, so will a great part of future manufacturing belong inescapably to the American woman of the future. They will then truly become "the slaves of the machine" about whom our forefathers were so concerned at the dawn of the industrial civilization. Women may own half or more of the stocks and bonds of these vast organizations, but others will toil through the years at their bewildering new tasks, unprotected perhaps by labor unions, and underpaid in relation to men who would otherwise have to serve on the same assembly lines.

The position of American women in relation to money has become fantastic. It is true that their wealth is enormous, far greater than that of the American man, but it is also true that they get the cash in the form of dividends and let the credit go, for the control of this wealth, on the whole, is in the hands of the private banking system, which now reaps the harvest, along with the family trustees and lawyers. If they own seventy per cent of the privately-held wealth, dominate eighty per cent of the nation's buying power, have sixty per cent of the savings accounts, and inherit eighty per cent of life insurance policies, they are nevertheless economically treated as children or irresponsible adults. Their inheritances come to them not because of any appreciation of their intelligence and ability to handle family finances, but simply because they live longer than men and marry younger. It is as inevitable that they should eventually own almost all the wealth of the country as it is that men will resist any effort they may make to manage family finances when the death of husbands has left them theoretically in charge. Sylvia Porter, one of the soundest economic writers in the country, notes that women hold vast amounts of the outstanding shares of our giant corporations; they outnumber men as owners of United States Steel and General Motors, for example, and own forty-seven per cent of the stocks of our railroads. Yet it is harder for a woman to be elected to the boards of these companies than to the United States Senate. It is also obvious that few managements have the courage to appoint women to executive positions, irrespective of their value to the company or their length of service.

WOMEN have won the vote and have got precious little out of it; they have not yet won economic suffrage, though there is an increasing movement to put up a fight for it, illustrated by an organization that is beginning to be heard from, the Federation of Women Shareholders. Women are as subject to taxes as are men, for there, at least, there is no sexual discrimination. It is a clear case of taxation without representation for over half of our population. If women actually dominate eighty per cent of the buying power, it is a privilege that many of them would be glad to turn over, at least in part, to the men.

Finally, forty per cent of the country's homes are held in women's names. But this does not confer on a mother the right to have any voice louder than a whisper in the kind of education her children receive. Mothers and teachers are permitted indulgently to join parent-teacher associations, but not enough of them are elected to city or town school boards where vital decisions are made. They are thus allowed to protest, but not to affirm. It would not be difficult to prove that women, instead of menacing shrinking and frightened men with a matriarchy, are actually in retreat, that their vaunted wealth and power are illusions, fairy tales told to put them, like children, to sleep. —H. S.



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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### "Year of the Miracle"

SIR: Mr. Harrison Smith deserves the plaudits of every reader of his editorial "Year of the Miracle" [*SRL* Jan. 22].

For some unknown reason, we have acquired the habit of playing up every last weakness of our economic system and democratic society. People who are constantly fed negative propaganda sooner or later look upon all things with negative lenses. As Mr. Smith poignantly states, we need to adopt more positive attitudes toward our problems. For only in this manner will we be able to maintain a balanced perspective.

Let us hope that his comments will stimulate some of our authors to write literature of a constructive nature.

C. F. MUGRIDGE.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Norman Cousins chides Mr. Smith [*SRL* Jan. 29] for suggesting that the astonishing production records of our American economy of the past three years could be made the theme of epic writing. You think the elements are not present? You have missed something. An epic involves high adventure, heroic action, hazard, foreboding tragedy. Am I right, up to this point? Well then, I have heard the big boys tell of "venture capital" and "business hazards," and there was something about the "tragedy of waste." And are not fear, hate, depression, war, always lurking in the shadows cast by the dazzling achievements of this thing which so proudly we hail as "free enterprise"? You can't read a newspaper, hear a symphony concert without some raucous voice dilating on the glories of our way of life. Why this lowing of the cattle?

Things which are sure are taken for granted. You don't go out to the neighbors and continually boast to them about your virtuous wife. If you did the neighbors would come to some quick conclusion of their own.

C. D. PRESTON.

South Euclid, O.

SIR: I am agreed that poets seem obscure and other writers neurotic recently, but I am not in favor of extolling America's production, her successful businessmen, or her vast enterprises. That does not seem modest, somehow! We may have accomplished much in a material way in America, and the history books will record it, but is it not basically the accomplishment of the spirit that great and universal literature deals with?

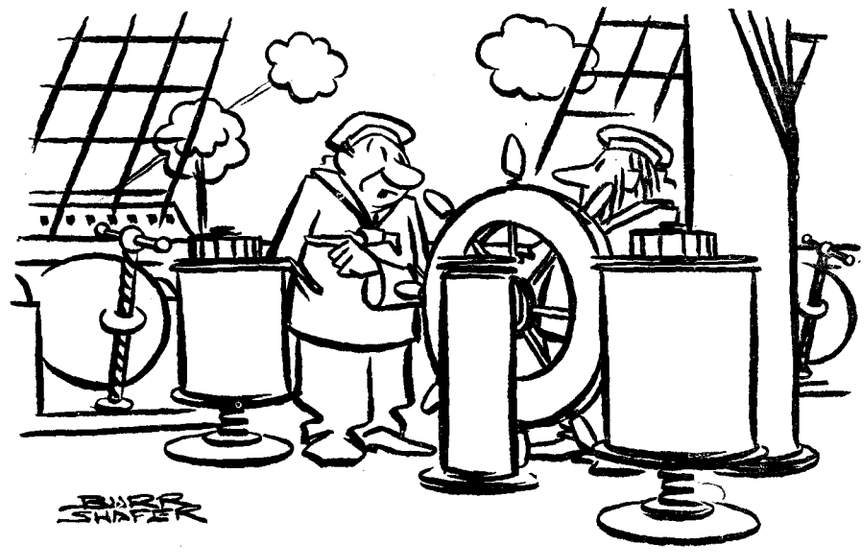
There is something about middle-class success which leads to smugness and mediocrity. Those who show up the smallness of the soul are doing us a service—perhaps they should not confine themselves to businessmen. As the most powerful nation in the world we had better look out that we do not go the way of great and rich past nations: outward conquest, internal decay, spiritual death.

There should be a decent, sound life which avoids alike material stagnation and spiritual neuroticism. But when writers hold up the ideal they are called Utopian. So what is there for them to do but to show us as we are, with a ray of hope as to what we might be?

As long as injustice exists, as long as people are unhappy and neurotic, do you wish our writers to shut their eyes to it? Save us from such complacency! Let's stop worrying about what Russia will think of us and putting up a big front about our accomplishments, and start doing something about the rotten spots in our people and our society.

CYNTHIA J. MALLORY.

Middlebury, Vt.




THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"It seems we are to go right ahead—and you should have heard what Admiral Farragut said about the torpedoes!"

### Little Innovation?

SIR: I'd like to register a dissenting opinion to John W. Aldridge's article on the new novelists [*SRL* Feb. 12]. . . .

He asserts there is very little innovation as to language and technique in the current crop of writers, that Mailer, et al., are content to take over the new literary language developed by Hemingway, et al. This is a questionable observation. It is true that Hemingway did a notable job in cutting away the dead flesh of the language of previous generations and in filling out a little of what was left of the skeleton. But he didn't fill out enough. The language he handed down is too lean, too bare, too narrow (skin and bone can't live without adequate flesh, without parenchyma) and so a good share of the new writers are adding even more flesh to the old frame, and in some cases some are even doing some surgery of their own. I find considerable dissatisfaction with the Hemingway, et al., heritage in the new crop. Robert Penn Warren with his combination metaphysical-and-rural Kentucky idiom is working out a new way of dealing with modern American life. J. F. Powers is marvelously rich in new idiom and approach. The same can be said of Welty, Alexander, Stegner, Krause. And Nelson Algren, for all his reading of Hemingway, has forged a new style and language that so exactly and so precisely fit his subject matter that often it seems as if his characters have written his books.

And not to be modest about it, for my own purpose, I find the language and technique to hand often short of words and idioms, so that, to express my problems and my findings, I have to coin new words, new word arrangements, or take them up, still raw and bloody from birth, from the talk of relatives, friends, and neighbors. As a matter of fact, to write "This Is the Year," in addition to a new language, I had to work out a new strategy, a new frame, a whole new throw, to get said what was said in it. As far as I know I am the first to use the mood and the physical contour of my midland country for building blocks. It was my intention that as you read along you would get the effect of both crossing the prairie and living on it. I found little help in Hemingway, et al., for that attack. Nor did he and company help me much in the writing of "Boy Almighty," the tuberculosis novel. Truth to tell, I got a lot of wonderful advice from "Beowulf," Chaucer, Spenser, Doughty, the Bible (both in the King James version and the Frisian version), Melville, Whitman, Twain, Mencken's "American Language," and Berry's and Van Den Bark's "American Thesaurus of Slang." They all helped me make sense out of my notes, both mental and written.

Even John Horne Burns, whom Aldridge mentions, is dissatisfied with the Hemingway heritage. He literally burns under its restraints, with the result that his work, far from being Hemingway-cauterized skin and bone, is juicy with the flesh of poetry.

In fact, this whole argument can be pointed up by remarking that a new language is being born here in Amer-



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ica, that Mother English is giving birth to a giantess named Daughter American.

The English language was the product of a certain people living in a certain time in a certain place. It was a language that was developed until it adequately fit the English people and their problems. To ask that same language to work for another people in another place and time is asking for a miracle that won't come to pass. Americans are not predominately southeastern English in temperament, and they live on a new continent with its peculiar demands, and they live in a new age, the Atomic Age. The English language taken to this continent was bound to change, to become almost completely made over. In fact, it may very well be that the flesh we're growing on the Hemingway-cauterized skeleton may have to be cut away again. And grown on again and cut away again, until maximum adjustment is achieved. So that writers of today may very well seem as antiquated in time to come as Chaucer seems to us now. (Which, of course, is not to deny Chaucer or Hemingway, et al., their just due.)

FEIKE FEIKEMA.

Minneapolis, Minn.

### "Ceremony of Innocence"

SIR: Is bad taste ever excusable? No one would wish to deprive Mr. John Woodburn of his pleasure in the "enchanting novel" "Ceremony of Innocence," which he reviews at such length in *SRL* Feb. 12.

But, why, if other readers feel regret, rather than titillating delight, that the Anglo-Catholic nun yielded to the urges of the flesh, must they be accused of accepting their own religion as an "idealized mythology"?

Mr. Woodburn outstrips his author in his review. If you don't enjoy this book, pontificates Mr. Woodburn, then you are going to be startled to hear laughter in Heaven. What, is there a Heaven?

If Cardinal Mindszenty is sacrificing his life, as many think, for the cause of Christianity, should we, Mr. Woodburn's readers, enjoy our freedom by holding up a Symbol of Faith for a chuckle and a laugh over a "clever" phrase?

Mr. Woodburn is dismayed that Elizabeth Webster can no longer write again. Many of your readers will, I fear, be dismayed if *SRL* and Mr. Woodburn must use their high gifts for the abasement of the ideals and beliefs of others.

TERESA S. FITZPATRICK.

Newport, R. I.

SIR: I am sorry that Miss Fitzpatrick apparently exercised her privilege and did not bother to read all of my review of "Ceremony of Innocence." Had she done so, she would have come upon, in the third paragraph: "If it has the sound of heresy, it is a devout and salubrious one, and only a dull eye will fail to see the *deep religiousness*, at once militant and *humble*, which underlies the stinging wit and relentless irony. Miss Webster's brilliant anger is turned *not against true religion or honest piety . . .*" The italics are mine, and appear here for the first time.

I certainly do not mean to imply that Miss Fitzpatrick has a dull eye, but only perhaps a sharper one for certain passages in my review than for others.

I do not fully understand her reference to "titillating delight." I was delighted with the book, as I said, but not titillated, nor did I anywhere say so, or suggest that others might be.

As for Miss Fitzpatrick's statement that Sibyl "yielded to the urges of the flesh," while I admire the delicacy of the euphemism, I thought that I had made it clear that Sibyl did not succumb to temptation, but had only shown unquestioning obedience to what she believed, quite sincerely, to be a Higher Will. It was clear to me; it is very clear in the book.

Miss Fitzpatrick asks me, somewhat rhetorically, if there is a Heaven. I assure her that it is not beyond the limits of my imagination and that, quite privately, I have my hopes. If there be, I trust that it will be populated by not only the good but the merry, and that the sound of laughter may often be heard over that of the harps. And I am sure that Miss Fitzpatrick will agree with me, when and if she gets around to reading Miss Webster's novel, that the Father Nicholases will be there, and the Sister Lillians, and the humble Johnson Mgbashas, along with the other people of the world who are kind and good.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw once wrote, in a play, something which I now quote to Miss Fitzpatrick, in all amity: "Religion is a great force—the only real motive force in the world; but what you fellows don't understand is that you must get at a man through his own religion and not through yours."

JOHN WOODBURN.

New York, N. Y.


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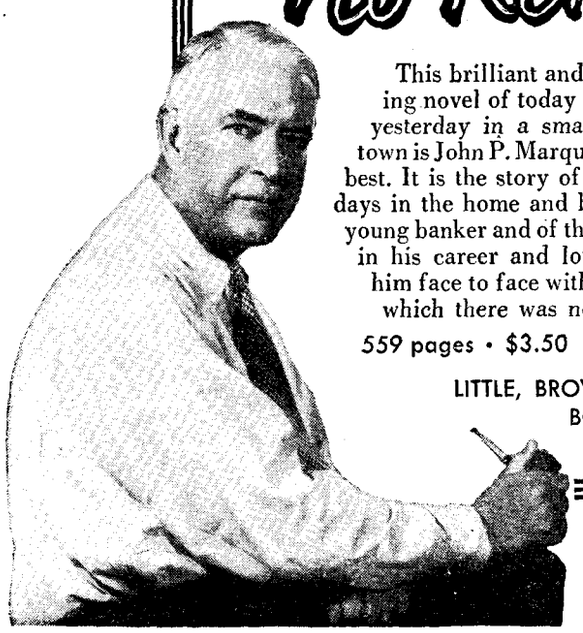

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**Americana.** *Clio, as we have frequently had occasion to remark before in these pages, is a many-sided muse with attractions to appeal to varied tastes. The half dozen new books on American history discussed this week exemplify two of the most universal of these tastes. The speculatively-minded, who seek in the events of the past explanations and suggestions for the conditions of the present, will find Arthur Meier Schlesinger's "Paths to the Present" one of the most original and stimulating volumes on Americana published in the past two decades. For the many Californians, natives and adopted sons, whose interest in the past is largely filial and romantic, the publishers this year are issuing a sizable shelf of books commemorating the Gold Rush of just a century ago. Robert G. Cleland comments on six of the most notable.*

# *Newer Viewpoints in American History*

*PATHS TO THE PRESENT. By Arthur Meier Schlesinger. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1949. 317 pp. $4.*

Reviewed by RAY ALLEN BILLINGTON

TWENTY-SEVEN years ago Arthur Meier Schlesinger, then a young historian at the University of Iowa, published his "New Viewpoints in American History," a book that allowed a generation of aspiring scholars, high-school teachers, and inquiring laymen to keep abreast of the findings of professional historians. Now Francis Lee Higginson Professor of History at Harvard, Mr. Schlesinger has written a new "New Viewpoints in American History," which, in its maturity, penetrating insight, and dispassionate objectivity stamps him anew as the leading interpreter of America's past.

Fellow spaders in Clio's garden will be interested in the light "Paths to the Present" throws on the evolution of Mr. Schlesinger's historical thinking. In 1922 he explained his country's past largely in social or economic terms; only two of his chapters in "New Viewpoints" emphasized the political heritage, three dealt with the social background, and six with economic forces. In his new interpretation he devotes something over half his space to politics and diplomacy (in its broadest sense), and most of the remainder to what is loosely termed social history. Not a single chapter deals exclusively with our economic inheritance.

I suspect that these revised proportions both indicate and anticipate a major shift in historical thinking. A generation ago politics seemed unimportant; the nonentities who sat in the White House or Congress were dwarfed by the giants who led into battle the forces of labor and industry. For the past sixteen years, however, the situation has been reversed. And historians, witnessing the broad social effects of powerful executive leadership, are realizing that they reacted too violently against the nineteenth-century political interpretation of history. "Thanks largely to Franklin D. Roosevelt's dramatic tenancy in the White House," says Mr. Schlesinger, "the limelight has been focused upon the institution of the Presidency as never before in American history."

Perhaps because of previous neglect, the sections of "Paths to the Present" that deal with our political past will probably be most widely discussed, and with some justification. With calm objectivity, Mr. Schlesinger parades an array of precedents for FDR's actions that will jolt Tories and pleasantly surprise New Dealers. He shows, for example, that all major Presidents have tussled with the Supreme Court, that all have been poor administrators, that all have been opposed by the country's press, that all have been subject to tirades of abusive slander, and that all since Andrew Jackson have been openly receptive to a third term. In equally dispassionate vein he considers the problems of the Presidency that Americans must face in the future: the question of Vice-Presidential succession, of the direct election of Presidents, and of the excessive drain of the office on the Executive's health. Every candidate, he believes, should be required to furnish a "properly attested medical certificate."

—*Fitzpatrick in* St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

**"Carry a Big Stick."**

Even more shocking to advocates of what Mr. Schlesinger calls the "*Chicago Tribune* school of history" will be the portions of the book assessing our nation's world role. One chapter conclusively demonstrates that we have been involved in every major European war since 1689; World War II should really be labeled World War IX. Another, slyly entitled "The Martial Spirit," shows that all our wars before the twentieth century were opposed by a sizable element of the population, often to treasonable lengths. Still another proves that no early statesmen counseled isolation as a permanent policy, and that we have never been truly isolated from Europe. Instead, the steps in our national growth—the emergence of democracy, nationalism, industrialization, imperialism, humanitarianism, and culture—have paralleled similar developments abroad. Our history, he insists, has always been but a segment of world history; those historians who stress national differences rather than similarities are guilty of a disservice to truth as well as to the countrymen that they send along the road to war.

The importance of these revelations will obscure the equally stimulating, but less timely, sections of "Paths to the Present" that explore the origins of the American character. Actually both should be made required reading for every statesman, every politician, every voting citizen. Here is history at its best—readable, sound, and yet packed with excellent advice for the living. Here Americans will find a blueprint for the future which, if followed, will lead to the democracy that is our nation's goal, the peace that is the world's hope.

> Democracy [writes Mr. Schlesinger] . . . must unremittingly show its capacity to advance the general welfare without sacrifice of basic human freedoms. It is in this respect, above all others, that the nation must in peace prepare for war in the full knowledge that in so preparing for war the soundest foundations are also laid for the satisfaction of peace.

*Ray Allen Billington, professor of American history at Northwestern University, is author of "The Protestant Crusade 1800-1860" and the forthcoming "Westward Expansion."*



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# *Bonanza on the Gold Coast*

*FORTY-NINERS. By Archer Butler Hulbert. Boston: Little Brown & Co.* 1949. *(New Centennial Issue.)* 340 *pp.* $4.

*SEA ROUTES TO THE GOLD FIELDS. By Oscar Lewis. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.* 1949. 286 *pp.* $4.

*SAM WARD IN THE GOLD RUSH. Edited by Carvel Collins. Stanford: Stanford University Press.* 1949. 189 *pp.* $3.50.

*GOLD RUSH ALBUM. Editor in Chief, Joseph Henry Jackson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1949. 239 *pp.* $10.

*THE '49ERS. By Evelyn Wells and Harry C. Peterson. New York: Doubleday & Co.* 1949. 273 *pp.* $3. $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT G. CLELAND

"WHEN a bonanza has been discovered," wrote Francisco de Gamboa in his "Commentaries on the Mining Ordinances of New Spain," about the time of the outbreak of the American Revolution, "the fame of the discovery spreads through the whole kingdom, and the odor of its richness brings crowds from the most remote parts to the newly discovered districts. What was before a waste becomes on a sudden an inhabited neighborhood."

Gamboa's description gives a true picture of the effect of the discovery of gold on California. When Marshall made his accidental find, California was still, technically at least, a remote Mexican province, separated by fifteen hundred miles of wilderness even from the fringe of Anglo-American or Spanish civilization.

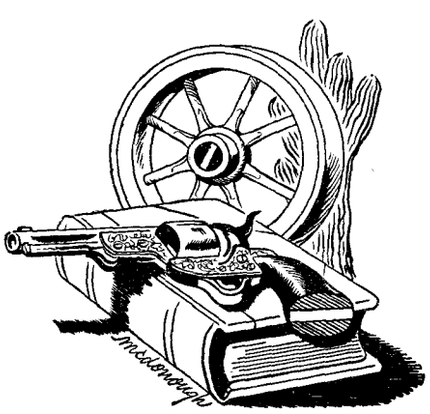
The country's few "white" inhabitants, mostly of Spanish-Mexican origin, were an unsophisticated people of simple customs and pastoral habits who occupied a thin line of pueblos and ranches along the coast, limited their economic activities to cattle-raising, and bartered hides and tallow for merchandise of foreign manufacture.

None of the California settlements was then big enough to have the status of a city or even of a full-fledged town. Los Angeles, larger than any other pueblo or presidio in the province, was a straggling village of questionable reputation and sadly mixed population—"the noted abode of the lowest drunkards and gamblers of the country." Monterey, though perhaps socially and morally more exclusive than Los Angeles, was even smaller in population and less influential politically than its southern rival. San Francisco was little more than an abandoned mission, a decayed presidio, a cluster of adobe huts, a few frame dwellings, and two small hotels.

Such, in broad outline, was the California of January 1848. Five years later, except for the lawless, Indian-plagued, bandit-ridden "Cow Counties" of the south, that California had in large measure disappeared. The state then had an estimated population of over 200,000, at least nine-tenths of whom lived north of a line drawn eastward from Monterey to the state line. San Francisco was larger than Richmond, Buffalo, Providence, or Washington, and in a few years would boast that it published more newspapers than London and more books than all the rest of the United States west of the Mississippi. Its harbor was filled with the ships of all nations and the gold that flowed through the city was changing the structure of civilized society. San Francisco was in fact a crossroads of "the traffic and culture of the great world."

Viewed either through the eyes of its contemporaries or in the retrospect of a century, the California Gold Rush had no counterpart or semblance of a counterpart in all American experience. It was an epic that belonged to only one generation. It gave wings to pedestrian imaginations and inflamed humdrum minds in much the same way that the lure of the Golden Fleece inflamed the minds of those earlier Argonauts of Jason's time. It turned men of very ordinary lives into adventurers as reckless as the Vikings of Eric's day. It moved a population across the continent.

Each of the five books listed above deals with a different phase of the Gold Rush. Hulbert's "Forty-Niners" is a new issue of a book that first appeared in 1931 and enjoyed four reprintings in the next ten years. Hulbert, who had previously undertaken to map the American transcontinental trails for the Stewart Commission on Western History of Colorado College, saturated himself with personal narratives, diaries, and contemporary accounts of the great overland migration of 1849. He then created a fictitious young man who traveled with a fictitious group of Argonauts and kept a fictitious journal in which he set down a detailed and accurate account of the incidents and happenings of the trails to California, supplementing his own experiences with the accounts of other Argonauts and the writings of previous travelers such as Frémont, Sage, and Hastings. The result was a book unique in its field. It had wide popular appeal and added to Hulbert's prestige as an authority on the Western trails.




Joseph Henry Jackson has written an admirable introduction to this new edition. One sentence of Jackson's speaks for all the Argonauts:

> Here you will realize . . . the utterly unbelievable persistence in the face of trial, the extraordinary ability to take punishment and keep coming, the astonishing destiny of spirit, shown by these men and women of Forty-nine who came to find their fortunes at the end of the rainbow and remained to build a great state.

In his "Sea Routes to the Gold Fields," Oscar Lewis set out to give a readable and comprehensive account of the sea migration from the United States to California by way of Panama, Nicaragua, and the Horn during the crowded years of the Gold Rush. The task was difficult because, out of the hundreds of diaries, journals, and collections of letters in which the sea-borne Argonauts described their experiences, only a few contained "more than a barren record of the length of each day's run, the state of the weather, and a catalogue of meals served, ships sighted, and fishes caught—" sorry stuff indeed out of which to build a book. Fortunately, there were enough exceptions to make the author's search worth while. The result is a book of historical significance and of surprising and unexpected interest. Lewis writes with pleasing consideration for the reader.

Fire and shipwreck were comparatively rare in the sailing vessels and most of the major steamer disasters occurred after the close of the Gold Rush. But the trials and tribulations on shipboard were no less disagreeable than those of the overland trail. Monotony of life, of scene, of fare was worse than storm. Seasickness caused



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more physical anguish than cholera. A ship provided no escape from disagreeable and unpleasant companions. The indifference of ship owners and officers to the comfort and even safety of the passengers was harder to endure than thieving Indians. "Wet and slippery decks, leaky cabins, the pounding of seas against the hull, and the howling of wind through the rigging" were fully as bad as prairie fire or mountain rain and sleet.

The crowded state of the ships, which often carried twice as many passengers as their normal complement, created foul, unsanitary, unspeakable conditions and furnished ideal breeding grounds for sickness and epidemic. Yet in spite of filth, hardships, plague, and monotony, most passengers adapted themselves to the necessities of the voyage and had enough ingenuity to find some pleasure in it. The author might well have added a chapter on the large number of emigrants who crossed Mexico by diligence or caravan and completed their journey to California by boat.

"Sam Ward in the Gold Rush" is a find of first importance. According to Collins, the author was "brother of Julia Ward Howe, companion of Longfellow, friend of Thackeray, epicure, poet of sorts, and 'King of the Lobby.'" He was also a mathematician of some ability, member of the Harvard Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, secretary, at the age of eighteen, of the New York Historical Society and simultaneously member of the board of examiners at West Point, son of a wealthy New York banker, husband by his first marriage of a granddaughter of John Jacob Astor, diplomatic agent, representative of American interests in the settlement of the *Alabama* claims, and, in the cordial words of *Vanity Fair*, "protector of the English and Uncle of the human race."

The Gold Rush found Ward's fortunes at low ebb. His wife, father, and two brothers had died within a few years. His second marriage was unhappy. He soon lost his fortune and position. California offered the only prospect of escape. On the voyage, he wrote, "I am too old to hope and not too old to be indifferent." He was then thirty-five.

Ward sailed from New York, via Panama, in company with his cousins, Ward and Hall McAllister, and reached San Francisco in June 1849 on the Pacific Mail's new side-wheeler, *Panama*. Ward McAllister soon returned to New York to play the role of social arbiter and institute the order of "The Four Hundred." Sam McAllister remained in San

*(Continued on page 29)*

By 1856 tempers were hair-trigger—overcrowding, jealousy of others' success, the bickering of bored men in a strictly masculine society, all these were creating disharmony.

—*Illustrations from "Gold Rush Album."*

"When a couple of Chinese dispute over the right to a claim, the noise and gesticulations are frightful. . . ." So one of the Forty-Niners remarked of these industrious Celestials.



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# Seeing Things

## WISHFUL BANNING

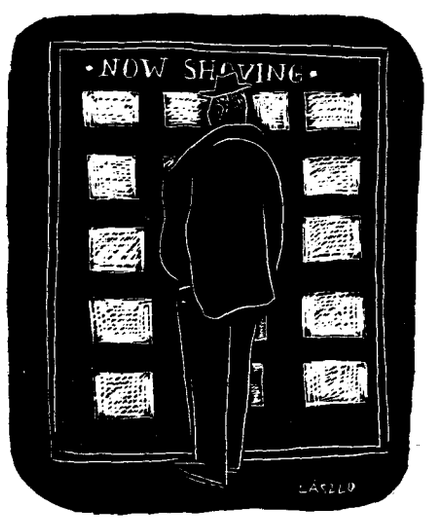
MR. CHURCHILL'S is the right approach. Explaining in "Their Finest Hour" why epidemics did not sweep London when millions were crowded in air-raid shelters, he says, "Man is a gregarious animal, and apparently the mischievous microbes he exhales fight and neutralize each other. They go out and devour each other, and Man walks off unharmed." Then Mr. Churchill adds, "If this is not scientifically correct, it ought to be."

There are so many things that ought to be, even if they are not. The microbes which assail men's minds are as mischievous as those which attack their bodies. One wishes that they, too, would fight and neutralize each other, allowing Man to walk off unharmed. Unquestionably they should, but they do not, as is proved by the epidemic of odd and sorry suppressions which has swept the world with increasing fury since V-J Day and the coming of the "cold war" or, more accurately, the hot peace.

Freedom was a big and beckoning word in wartime. There were even the Four Freedoms, the first of which was dedicated to "freedom of speech and expression—everywhere in the world." The fourth—who can have forgotten it?—promised freedom from fear. The source of fear it suggested did not go far enough. It was limited to aggressive warfare. It failed to include those other fears which can destroy freedom of speech. I mean those fears to which minorities and special groups appear to be heir; those fears born of insecurity, false pride, hypersensitivity, or a strange, self-deluding surrender to the notion that safety and esteem can be guaranteed by the placing of a ban or the action of a censor.

Take the now notorious case of "Oliver Twist." This British film has provoked rioting among displaced Polish Jews in Berlin. Protests against it have been lodged by Jews in Vienna and other Old World cities. So far its public release is not planned in the United States. Indeed it has been prohibited in New York due to the action taken by the New York Board of Rabbis under the leadership of Rabbi Theodore N. Lewis, who admits he has not seen the film.

Why this rioting, these protests, and this suppression? Of course because of Fagin; because some Jews there and here have objected to the alleged indignity done their people by showing on the screen a Jew who is such a deep-dyed villain. Their fear is that Fagin will arouse anti-Semitism; that movie audiences will forget Fagin is a caricature of an individual and be persuaded that all Jews are Fagins. Precious few of the millions still free to read Dickens's novel have, I will




wager, succumbed to such an error. Yet this is the point of view as stated by Rabbi Lewis. The Rabbi, incidentally, is as adamant on the subject of "The Merchant of Venice" as he is on "Oliver Twist." He is determined to have it kept off the stage and banned from schoolrooms for the same reasons—because in his eyes Shylock and Fagin are equally insulting, unbearable, and dangerous as characterizations of Jews.

I know this is the Rabbi's attitude because I heard him state it when, some two months back, he appeared on ABC's television program "Critic-at-Large" with Morris Ernst, Louis Kronenberger, and myself. In combating the Rabbi's stand, the three of us found ourselves as one. All of us abhorred the idea of such censorship. All of us felt that it was contrary to the American tradition. All of us insisted that the film was entitled to be shown before being condemned and that, if it proved offensive, the case could and should be carried to the courts. All of us expressed our conviction that the Rabbi, with the best of good intentions, was doing his people greater harm than good. All of us believed that more anti-Semitism would result from such a banning by a minority pressure group than would ever be created by Fagin.

Mr. Ernst was the only one of us who had seen the film, a fact which did not subtract from his right to an opinion. Instead of being offended by "Oliver Twist," he had found it commendable as a transference of a classic to the screen. Mr. Kronenberger's judgment was that literature could not get along without its villains, and that a villain role in "Oliver Twist" on or off the screen just happened to be Fagin's, precisely as it was Bill Sikes's or the Artful Dodger's.

When I asked the Rabbi if, on the basis of his logic, the Danes would not be justified in picketing "Hamlet," since it shows that a Danish prince can be indecisive, Mr. Kronenberger pointed out that the Danes had an even more valid reason for suppressing the play—*i.e.*, it specifically states that there is something rotten in the state of Denmark.

The Jews who have protested against "Oliver Twist" and sought to have it, "The Merchant of Venice," and now it seems "Ivanhoe," banned are not the only persons who have reached for censorship as a weapon with which to combat the horrors of racial or religious discrimination. Some Negro groups appear to be equally touchy, just as humorless, and no less given to trying to change what is past, or pretending that classics, written long ago and still available, can be unwritten and erased from men's minds by the edict of a censor.

THERE was, for example, the case of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—of all things. Three years ago in Bridgeport a new musical version of it was temporarily banned because of the protests sent in by CIO Negro groups, the Bridgeport Pastors' Association, and the Communist Party. Their incredible objection was that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" "refreshed memories that tend to portray only the weaknesses of a racial minority," and held up to ridicule "peoples who in the early days of our country were unfortunately subjected to exposures that today would be considered atrocious." In other words, the desire of these protesting Negroes was to forget, and have others forget, that their people had ever been slaves.

What they forgot, however, was that it was the slave owner, not the slave, who came out badly in Mrs. Stowe's pages. They also seemed willing to overlook entirely how much "Uncle



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Tom's Cabin" had done for their people. Yes, and to deny the encouragement it offers today by making clear how far both the whites and the Negroes in this country have advanced since the novel first needed to be written. Booker T. Washington did not attempt to dodge history when he wrote his autobiography. He called his volume "Up from Slavery." The significant word in his title is not the "Slavery." It is the "Up."

THERE are, too, some well-meaning Negroes, working for that true realization of democracy which should be every American's preoccupation, who object even to "The Green Pastures," I am told, because they find its naiveté offensive and because the young people in Mr. Deshee's Sunday School class have not a sufficiently enlightened conception of the Bible. There are other Negroes, just as well-meaning and just as falsely sensitive, whose hope is said to be to have "Little Black Sambo" suppressed. Their reason, I gather, is that Little Black Sambo, so endearing as a figure of all childhood, has a rather wholesale appetite for pancakes and is afraid of tigers!

The pressures of Catholic groups are no less evident. The suppression of *The Nation* in the public schools of New York City, because it ran a series of articles critical of the Catholic Church, is a case in point. So, of course, are the operations of the Legion of Decency in the realm of filmdom. The Legion does not have to ban to make itself felt. Fear of its disapproval exerts a constant influence upon motion-picture producers. Perhaps it was dread of this disapproval which resulted in the unfrocking of Cardinal Richelieu in the latest filming of "The Three Musketeers." In the picture the Cardinal, a gifted and not unworldly cleric, though allowed to be as worldly as Dumas and history demand, is denied his robes, apparently in order to give no offense. Such pressures from other religious groups are, no doubt, continuous even if they are not so well organized.

In Chicago recently Jean-Paul Sartre's "The Respectful Prostitute" was banned. A police captain in charge of the Crime Prevention Bureau reported to his superior that the play was likely to provoke interracial troubles. This, in spite of the fact that it had run in New York for many months without having done so. One explanation which I read, and certainly an odd one, was that Sartre's script was "unfair to the Negro." Perhaps the final word about "The Respectful Prostitute" in Chicago came from Mayor Martin Kennelly. His en-



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lightened statement was, "The title alone would ban it."

As further proof of the growing tendency to believe that abuses can be corrected by running away from the facts, let me cite two other examples. The first of these is the campaign which, out of the highest of motives, Walter Winchell conducted some time back against any comedians who dared to tell stories in dialect. As if all of us did not speak with dialects; as if dialects were not part of the truth as well as the vigor of our speech! It is not the dialect—Jewish, Yankee, Southern, Western, Italian, Irish, or Scotch—which is offensive. It is the story told, the uses to which the dialect can be put.

For my second illustration I must come a little nearer home. In fact, to the *SRL* itself and an editor's note which appeared on the letters page on January 15. A well-intentioned reader from Charleston, S. C., had written in to ask when the magazine was going to stop "Jim Crowing" Negro writers. "If you always say a book is by a Negro, etc., you should, to be consistent, say another is by a white etc.," wrote this correspondent. This was followed by one of those thunderous generalities, seemingly so fine in their liberalism, which unfortunately are apt to be as fuzzy-minded as they are untrue. "Only where literature has no race or religion will it be completely free."

Although I cannot speak for anyone else, I know I was saddened and distressed to read the editor's answer. It said, "After having applauded various publishers for omitting racial identification in their promotion of Negro authors, we are ashamed of ourselves. It won't happen again." Rot!

Certainly I would agree that nothing is gained and only harm done by insisting upon cataloguing a writer as a Negro, if his book has nothing to do with the problems which he himself has faced as a Negro. But I do not see how anyone could make an intelligent or just approach to such volumes, say, as Richard Wright's "Black Boy," Walter White's "A Man Called White," William Gardner Smith's "The Last of the Conquerors," or Ann Petry's "The Street," without mentioning the fact that the Americans who wrote these books are Negroes. The whole point of their writing and the reason for their having been written as they are is that they reflect the handicaps and humiliations to which Americans who are Negroes are heir. The source of their authority is that their authors are what they are.

As I see it, any citizen of the United States is an American. It is as simple as that. Yet it is absurd to pretend that all Americans, just because they live here, are sprung from the same race, are of the same color and the same religion, have the same accents, enjoy identical opportunities, are equally endowed, and have been exposed to the same agonies or privileges. These differences are facts. To ignore them is to surrender to the silliest and most self-deluding form of ostrichism.

We get nowhere by banning books just because they contain characters which do not flatter us. We get nowhere by pretending that there are not heroes and villains of all creeds and colors. We get nowhere by allowing any minorities to enjoy what John Haynes Holmes has admirably described in these pages as a "literary immunity from the sins that beset the rest of the human family." Our one hope is to face the facts.

Nowadays we appear to be misled by the best of good intentions. To conquer the horrors of intolerance and racial or religious discrimination, we seem more and more inclined to turn to the book-burning tactics of our enemy in the last war or to the gross suppressions of our opponent in the present peace. Neither literature nor freedom gains anything by such means. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Apparently there are those today who would reverse this, and have it read: avoid the truth, and such avoidance shall make you free.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

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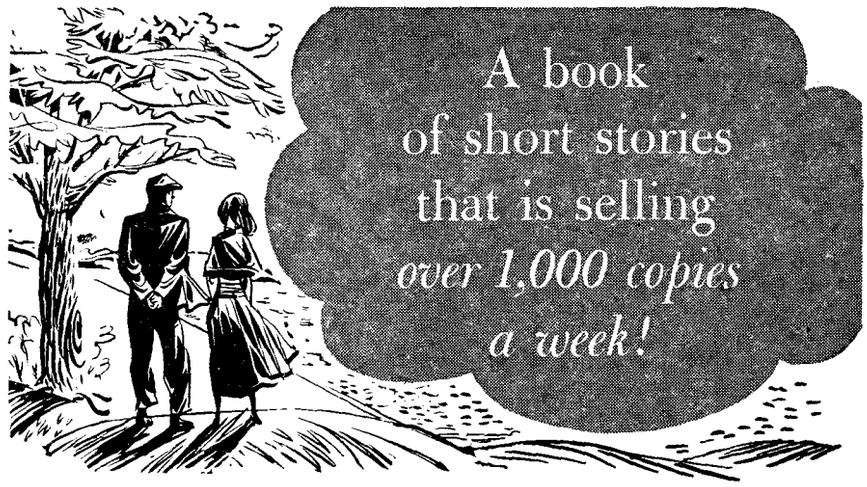
ships. Pelancy realizes his love for the clear-minded cleaning girl who dusts his living quarters. Fingal finds a new dependence on his aging mother. Both learn to fear the evasive assistant shopkeeper for the knowledge that he may be harboring. Soon the whole world seems to them to have a knowledge of their guilt.

This novel is the tracing of the pattern of a crime. Mr. Green follows its widening out, from person to person, and then he traces it inward, moving from one concentric circle to another, toward the uneasy partners at its center. The psychological processes are credible, even indisputable, and so is the suspicion that grows around Pelancy and Fingal like a wall. The narrative moves on, through the guilt consciousness of the two men to their final destruction. Mr. Green has given the crime-pattern an inward significance by bringing the guilty men to a reckoning of fate and final justice rather than to the courts of law. And yet "Mist on the Waters" is not a profound novel. It is hardly a novel that matters. Why?

The reason is that the characters are meager—meager in their crime, in their fear, and in their remorse. Morally, Pelancy and Fingal are both little men, dull of spirit and dim of realization. That is to say they are not interesting. The jacket announces this as a novel of tragedy. But tragedy is downfall, and these two fumbling, feebly contriving men had nothing large to lose. The jacket tells us they are "ordinary" Irishmen. That is hard language—for Pelancy and Fingal are drab, craven, wheedling, whining men. They may exist in Belfast, or in any modern city, but they have none of the qualities that make a reader care about the outcome of their dilemmas. In contrast to these men, bickering over their tea, are the women in the novel. Though sketchily portrayed, they make a claim on a reader's concern. Anne clearly sees what Pelancy must do to survive his crime, and Mabel Temson tries honestly to understand the crime in which she has had an unwitting part.

The novel leaves an impression of men studied carefully, as mice might be studied in a maze. Pelancy and Fingal seem a petty form of life, careful, calculating, cunning, but not cunning enough. They are uncomplex characters, capable of small experience even in guilt and remorse, and the story repeatedly reveals their emptiness and inadequacy of life.

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# *Suffering World-Sickness*

*THE HOLLLOW OF THE WAVE. By Edward Newhouse. New York: William Sloane Assoc.* 1949. 318 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN WOODBURN

EDWARD NEWHOUSE writes a cool, low-keyed prose which has looked very well on his numerous *New Yorker* stories, the ones he later collected and published under the titles "Anything Can Happen" and "The Iron Chain," and which have made him a good reputation in that field. They have been notable for the quiet way he has handled tension and tragedy, his coolness under fire, one might say, and for the detached, lucid style, a style which at its best achieves a chill brilliance, and which at all times refrains from any obvious exploitation of his material.

It would have been pleasant to announce that these virtues have been successfully extended to his new novel, and that "The Hollow of the Wave" has the depth and solidity which his previous work would lead us to hope for and expect. Instead, I must report that this new book is a disappointment, that it is considerably less than its apparent intent, and that some of the things which I have noted, which were so becoming to his short stories, have not proved adequate to this more demanding medium.

Mr. Newhouse's theme is in itself an important and urgent one, and one which increasingly, inevitably, and painfully concerns the serious young writer: the insecurity and spiritual displacement which is the sour gift of our disjointed times. "The Hollow of the Wave" presents a group of people who suffer from this world-sickness—desperate hunters, frantic seekers after tenets which will give their lives some affirmation. Neil Miller, Mr. Newhouse's hero, is one of these, a young man working in New York in a reprint publishing house at a job which does not greatly interest him. He is capable, detached, and sardonic, and has learned to grasp the nettle of his neurosis by flaunting the fact of his illegitimacy. Like Scott Fitzgerald, he is fascinated by rich and privileged people, for whom his outward contempt cannot disguise his envy. The rich in this case are represented by Larry Holland, a confused and idealistic young millionaire with an industrious social conscience, whose publishing house is being efficiently rigged by Communists and their fellow-travelers.

Neil's love affair with Larry's wife and Larry's tragic involvement with a psychotic mistress propel the two men toward an intolerable vortex out of which they spin, almost gratefully, into the ironic refuge of the Second World War.

The book ends with a bitter epilogue: The war is over, the shooting war, and Neil, now Colonel Miller, has cynically decided that: "The Army's safe. I can cope with it. To get by . . . that's my program." Stationed at an obscure Army post in the West, he is exploring, at the directive of the Joint Munitions Board, a natural cave in the locality. With him is his attaché, Major Larry Holland, and a Government speleologist. Suddenly Larry "turned around, swinging the carbide beam in a wide arc. Almost savagely, he said, 'What are we doing here, you and I?' "

Somehow, somewhere, between the concept and the execution, this novel fails to make a full communication. The fact that it is told entirely in the first person by Neil Miller is an especial disadvantage. The device is always a demanding one, and Miller is a diffident, guarded, inhibited man. Add to this Mr. Newhouse's aloof, objective style, which in "The Hollow of the Wave" tends to protect, rather than reveal, his hero, and one is left with only the events, and they are not enough, without the people. The disappointment, for me at least, lies not so much in what is here, as what is not.

# *Decay of a Man*

*THE SERVANT. By Robin Maugham. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.* 1949. 62 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT HALSBAND

THE plot of "The Servant" is a simple one. In clipped understatement, Richard Merton, the narrator, tells how his friend Tony returns from the war, rents a small house, and hires a manservant. Barrett, the gentleman's gentleman, gains control over him by catering to his love of comfort, and then transmuting it into a love of debauchery. As a result Tony loses his girl, his ambition, and finally his self-respect. What Mr. Maugham has tried to convey is the tragic decay and degradation of a man, but he succeeds only in outlining his sordid story without raising it to a level where it evokes any feeling stronger than mild interest.

"I fear that the weakness of this story is that I am unable to explain the reason for the increase in Barrett's influence during the year I was away," says Merton at one point. That is precisely what is the weakness of the whole course of events, and the author involuntarily pleads guilty. If he had shown the reasons by means of clinical data, he might have given his story at least the interest of a case history; or if he had buttressed it with insight and perception, he might have created a work of imagination.

But he fails to make believable by the means he does use, the rascal who is the servant and the weakling who is mastered. The relationship of servant to master has always been a rich one for the novelist, from Cervantes's Sancho Panza to Gertrude Stein's gentle Lena. The slimy Barrett cannot take a place among them, for even if especially repulsive, he is purely a waxwork.

Robin Maugham, by bearing the same name as his illustrious uncle, invites comparison with him. Using a narrator as a sort of lens is an old Maugham device, but in "The Servant" it is not used to its best advantage because its "point of view" is assumed to be a dispassionate one; we are apt to suspect, though, that Merton distorts our view of the rake's progress of his friend. The most believable character is Vera, the girl whom Barrett uses to ensnare Tony, and she is a lineal literary descendant of the vitriolic Mildred in "Of Human Bondage." Philip Carey of that novel is, in "The Servant," split into two characters, with Merton representing his strong and decent qualities, and Tony his weak and depraved ones. Such a simplification of character, allied as it is here with an arbitrary manipulation of action, enervates the story of dramatic tension. Young Maugham does have an economical style, taut and clear; unfortunately it does not serve to limn a very credible or moving story.

## LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Herford & Field. 2. Locke & Barr. 3. Beer & Stein. 4. Young & Gay. 5. Carroll & Synge. 6. Hogg & Bacon. 7. Wells & Poole. 8. Hale & Hardy. 9. Brooke & Bridges. 10. Crane & Wren. 11. Wylie & Fox. 12. Pope & Prior. 13. Cable & Train. 14. White & Frost. 15. West & North. 16. Harte & Buck. 17. Hood & Chesterfield. 18. Haggard & Coffin. 19. Longfellow & Rex Stout. 20. Still & Noyes.



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## AMERICANA

(Continued from page 23)

Francisco to become one of California's foremost lawyers.

Once in California, Ward's despondency evaporated. Within a week, he was urging his "fellow citizens" of San Francisco to call a constitutional convention; in less than a month, he took part in the organization of the "Law and Order Party," forerunner of the great Vigilance Committee of 1851. Sometime during the summer he became a partner in the firm of Ward & Price and quickly made a fortune out of San Francisco real estate.

Transferring his business interests to New York, Sam came another financial cropper and returned to California, there to try his luck in the diggings along the Merced, Tuolumne, and Stanislaus rivers. The scenes and incidents of this experience he afterwards described in a serial memoir, entitled "Incidents on the 'River of Grace'," by "Midas, Jr." Fourteen installments of the memoir appeared in a New York weekly, called *Porter's Spirit of the Times*, between January 22 and April 23, 1861.

Ward had an engaging style and wrote as a man of superior education and wide knowledge of the world. His memoirs include a wealth of information on life in the Southern mines and vivid accounts of the varied experiences the author suffered or enjoyed there. At this reading, I am inclined to put the book beside the "Letters" of Dame Shirley and a few other prize volumes. Carvel Collins is to be congratulated first for rescuing the "Incidents" from Porter's long-defunct magazine and again for his success in editing the narrative.

Joseph Henry Jackson has drawn on many libraries and collections but especially upon his own encyclopedic knowledge of California history to obtain the 352 "first-hand pictures" included in the "Gold Rush Album." The book begins with a series of views depicting the California men might have dreamed of on the eve of the Gold Rush and some of the incidents connected with Marshall's epoch-making discovery, and from there shifts back to the effect of the Gold Rush on life and society in the States. It then goes on, for many pages, to picture scenes and incidents of travel on the various routes, both overland and maritime, by which the eager thousands sought fortune or adventure in the new land. Most of the remainder of the book is devoted to a portrayal of mines and miners and to the California created by the Gold Rush. San Francisco has not been overlooked.

Jackson has cleverly bound the pictures together by a running narrative—brief, clear, well written—that makes the book much more interesting and useful than the usual run of similar pictorial records. The end maps are excellent. Cartoons and caricatures are numerous and good.

Two things trouble me, however. The title page, which shows the name of Joseph Henry Jackson as editor in chief, fails to list the names of any associate or assistant editors, nor have I found any mention elsewhere of such contributors. On the dust-jacket, California, at the end of the Mexican War, is described as "unknown, unpublicized, almost disregarded." In actual fact, the very opposite was true. The United States acquired California largely because a concerted publicity campaign had aroused the intense interest of the American Government and people in the rich but undeveloped province before the outbreak of the Mexican War.

"The '49ers," described as "facts and tall tales from the fabulous days of '49," does not belong in the same category, or anything like the same category, as the other books on this list. It was written by Evelyn Wells, biographer of Fremont Older and author of "Champagne Days of San Francisco," and the late Harry C. Peterson, sometime curator of the Stanford University Museum of Fine Arts and later of Sutter's Fort Museum. The book represents an attempt to produce a readable narrative out of "the spoken and printed accounts of those who called themselves the Forty-Niners." It is written in a staccato, journalistic style and throws fact and fiction together without discrimination. The mixture didn't jell.

*Robert G. Cleland, a member of the permanent research staff of the Huntington Library, is author of "History of California," "California Pageant," and other books.*

## *Dead Sea Lion*

By Eric Wilson Barker

DEATH has erupted here
a white-maned flower
in imitation of life's element,
bathing in motion what was
fluent as water,
undulant as sea-wave,
lithe as flame.


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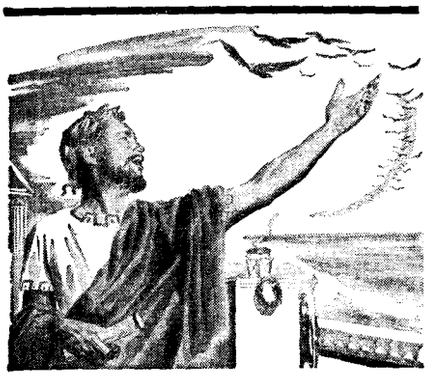

# INAUGURATE

## The Taking of Omens

WHEN we speak of the *inauguration* of a president we use a word that carries us back to ancient times when people believed in omens and looked for them on every important occasion. Latin *augur* meant a member of the highest class of official diviners of ancient Rome, whose duty it was to observe and interpret the omens, such as the flight of birds, at the time of any important event. *Inaugurare* meant "to take omens" before entering upon a critical undertaking, such as the proclamation of an Emperor. From this use is derived our English word *inaugurate*. There are thousands of such stories about the origins of English words in

*"The Supreme Authority"*

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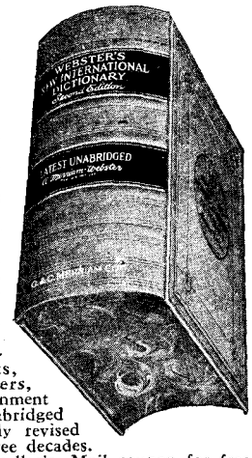


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## T. S. ELIOT: IN SIGHT OF POSTERITY

*(Continued from page 11)*

of conscious adaptation to external experience without, however, achieving any sense of fulfillment."

It is this light from Jung which illumines the basic design which Miss Drew finds in Mr. Eliot's poetry. The great experience of his artistic, intellectual, and spiritual life has been the kind of transformation which Jung describes—a "gradual shift from the ego as the center of being, to a different center"—and his poetic symbols are recognizable as familiar members of Jung's symbolical constellation. His whole life has been a continuing search for order in an appallingly disordered world; his most amusing poetry was written when irony served him as a defense against life's ugliness and chaos, while his major poetry has been written during his quest of a surer refuge. From "Gerontian" onwards this poetry "is a record of the gradual development from the position where his *intellect* accepted Christian dogma, through the stages by which intellectual acceptance grew painfully and arduously into a conviction embracing the totality of personal and social experience."

Whether or not Miss Drew's design is a true one, or the only true one to be found in this body of poetry, it is impossible to say; but it is certainly a believable and usable one. It is also impossible, unfortunately, to give here any idea of the rich particularity and intellectual quality of Miss Drew's monograph. The point to be made at present is that she has contributed notably to the large body of critical literature which will flank and support Mr. Eliot's own writing when it comes before the judge whom we conveniently call posterity. And the big question is: What will posterity make of it all—of the original canon, the exegesis, and the apologetics? Here, of course, we are on purely speculative ground, but at least comfortably safe from immediate refutation.

LOOKING first at T. S. Eliot the critic, I should guess, as I have suggested, that posterity will be puzzled when it seeks to trace the influence with which he is so generously credited; and I guess, too, that future readers will find his present critical reputation out of proportion to his accomplishment.

They will note that the critics he is supposed to have influenced are almost all practitioners of the closest, word-by-word type of literary investigation, whereas Mr. Eliot himself has almost always shied away from any such activity; he has not, for example, dealt with the metaphysicals and the Jacobean dramatists, or even with Dante, as closely as his admirers have dealt with him. He has pointed to certain writers and writings, made stimulating comments, thrown out hints and suggestions, but refused more often than not to engage in sustained critical reasoning.

Edmund Wilson has already pointed out Mr. Eliot's tendency to become "involved in literary houses-that-Jack-built," by way of elaborately interlaced and inconclusive allusions; and Mr. Wilson has beautifully parodied the results of this weakness. He might also have noted, as I think posterity will, that Mr. Eliot is forever starting hares which he refuses to follow. He is always saying that it would be interesting to pursue this or that line of critical investigation—to inquire, perhaps, into the effects of the poetry of Rabindranath Tagore upon the obstetrical practices of Upper Tooting—and then, immediately, letting the whole thing drop, as his roving eye lights upon some new seductive project.

IN short, I think that posterity will decide that Mr. Eliot, as a critic, was not given to thinking matters through when serious difficulties were involved, that he was too often content with hints and guesses; but that his taste was admirable, however changing and expanding, and that he had enough confidence, elegance, and quiet arrogance to press the excellence of this developing taste upon his readers. Another thing posterity will surely note: that T. S. Eliot, master of a neat, light, strong prose, so clear at times as to be nearly colorless, never wrote a line of jargon—while many of his self-announced disciples have perfected jargon that is a fright to read. Nor will his complete artistic and intellectual integrity pass without notice and honor, even if it is finally decided that many of his intentions have been but confusedly realized.

When we come to poetry, the hazards of guess-work are thrice compounded; and my guessing will be brief. To begin with, there is the overshadowing possibility—which I consider a probability—that our descendants will not like this generation's most characteristic poetry at all. They may well think that we have set too high a value on verbal



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mysteries, prosodic eccentricities, ambiguities, and ambivalent symbolism; that the satisfaction experienced by our critics in the presence of many contemporary poems has too often come, not from the poetry itself, but from the critical puzzler's sense of triumph at a riddle solved. Even if this does not occur, there is a strong chance that Mr. Eliot's extensive dependence on other men's words will prove a heavy burden for his poems to bear for very long—after all sources have been discovered by delighted discoverers—and that he will stand condemned by the rule of his own statement: "The good poet welds his theft into a whole of feeling which is unique, utterly different from that from which it was torn; the bad poet throws it into something which has no cohesion." Finally, I believe that while his work will always be an interesting subject for students of poetic technique and poetic development, he will be valued, by discriminating readers, for individual lines—and he has written many which are charged with life, beauty, and thought—rather than for whole poems; that his most serious and mature poems may, indeed, largely disintegrate into quotations—perhaps to inseminate new literary soil.

While we speculate on his future place in English literature, Mr. Eliot writes on with unimpaired vigor, expanding interests, more patient thoughtfulness than he once practised, and an increasing sense of the responsibility which a respected writer has to his country, his fellow men, and the civilized world. The latest proof of this sense of responsibility is "Notes Towards the Definition of Culture,"* in which the author continues to pursue certain lines of thinking which he began to make public in "The Idea of a Christian Society,"** written on the eve of the Second World War.

In the earlier volume Mr. Eliot argued that the "Western democracies" were deceiving themselves when they thought and spoke of their society as Christian, when the truth was that it was neutral—one in which Christianity was merely tolerated—and he argued further that "the choice before us is between the formation of a new Christian culture, and the acceptance of a pagan one." He then went on to define a positive and desirable Christian society in terms of three elements (the Christian state, the Christian community, and the community of Christians) and to describe how these elements might function together in harmony, but with a salutary amount of friction.

His latest book, while carrying forward ideas previously broached, is an attempt to discover the conditions essential to the health of a sound culture. Having said that no true culture can ever arise except in the company of a religion, having defined in various ways the relationship of these twins, and having considered the disintegration of the society in which we now live, Mr. Eliot constructs a social pattern which we should aspire to realize, but for which we cannot, in his opinion, definitely plan. It is a society of clearly marked classes and admitted tensions—and, again, of salutary frictions—in which everyone is born into a certain class, with its special traditions and special culture, which are contributive to the total culture; but in which everyone, who is able, may move from one level to another. It is a scheme of things in which the family plays a prime educative role, as the chief transmitter of culture, and one in which local and national loyalties are important factors, subject to the dominant, conservative forces of Christian tradition and behavior.

It is not a scheme that will please those who shudder at mention of upper and lower classes, or those who believe that everyone should have access to the same *kind* of education, or those who put their faith in deliberate social planning, or those who believe that we must have one world, and that world a level plain. But it is one of the most eloquent of Mr. Eliot's statements, one of the most toughly argued, and one that merits the most alert intellectual attention, rather than mere emotional disagreement. It is a considered, honest, courageous expression of beliefs by a man who is well aware that,

In a world of fugitives
The person taking the opposite direction
Will appear to run away.

*Ben Ray Redman is a versatile man of letters, having been at various times an editor for book and magazine publishers, a novelist, poet, critic, and anthologist. He is editor of the recently published "Viking Portable Voltaire." Mr. Redman's column New Editions appears regularly in* SRL.

*NOTES TOWARDS THE DEFINITION OF CULTURE. By T. S. Eliot. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1949. 128 pp. $2.50

**THE IDEA OF A CHRISTIAN SOCIETY. By T. S. Eliot. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1949. 104 pp. $2.


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The Book-of-the-Month Club (which made *Double Muscadine* its March selection) says: "The ideal of every novelist is to hold the reader with an Ancient Mariner's glittering eye; but rarely is this sorcery achieved so well as by Mrs. Gaither in this novel."

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# IDEAS ON FILM

*Eyewitnessing the World of the 16 mm. Motion Picture*

## *Films and People*

ON a neighboring page a well-known 16mm. film distributor speaks his mind about some of the problems of getting more 16mm. films to more people. With a Midwesterner's frankness, he points out that while the pundits in the East (by no means excluding ourselves) do most of the talking about 16mm., most of the buying is done in other parts of the country—and far too little buying is done at all.

The proponents of 16mm. film are doing a tremendous job to stimulate public interest. In the forefront is the Film Council of America, a non-profit group with eight constituent member organizations, including the American Library Association, the Educational Film Library Association, and the two trade organizations, ANFA and NAVED. The resources of all these groups are harnessed by the Film Council to a single task: to make ideas on film as accessible as ideas in print. Their chief point of attack is the community. In more than 100 cities, large and small, people who are using film have banded together into a film council to discuss ways and means of using films more widely, more purposefully, more intelligently.

Not all these film councils have been a success. Some have confined themselves to monthly luncheon meetings, and have ended up merely as "knife and fork clubs." But the great majority have found that the council organization is a way to open their doors to a wider world of film, which reaches outside America to all those countries where people are trying to exchange ideas for the common good. The local council faces many difficulties. Good films are still hard to get. Their price is high. Information about them is sketchy. The evaluations which have led to obtaining them may prove misleading. And that final hurdle to acceptance—projection—is often unsatisfactory.

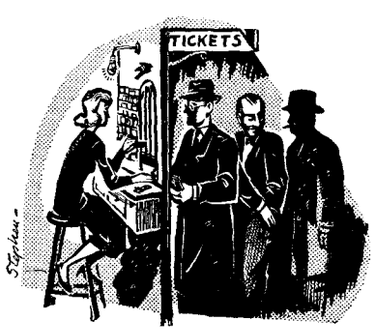
There is some consolation in the thought that all this is pioneer work. A century ago the public-library movement met with the same sort of discouragement. But by the combined efforts of social agencies, labor unions, literary societies, and specially organized library clubs, local public libraries began to come into existence. They did not spring from the benevolence of the state; they were hammered together by the efforts of common people. And as a result, the printed book, which for centuries had been the property of a wealthy few, began to circulate everywhere. New ideas flew round the country, and there was everywhere a thirst for social changes.

It might have been that the public libraries, fabulously expanded in a century of growth, would have resented the claims of this diminutive newcomer, film. In fact, they have given it warm and discriminating support. Aided by a grant from the Carnegie Foundation, the American Library Association has set up a special committee to investigate problems of free film circulation, and already many public libraries are actively engaged in loaning films on the same basis as books and records.

Just as publishers feared that public libraries would kill their sales, so there has been some fear among 16mm. distributors that this new library policy would curtail their activities. These fears have not been justified. The "film idea" is catching on, but it has not yet become an epidemic. The more films are seen free by members of the public, the more will be bought and rented by groups which need to exploit them intensively.

With all the good work that is being done—much of it voluntarily, or with very slender resources—there is still a need for some more dramatic method of bringing home to people what the film of ideas can do. There is as yet no show window where anyone can pay his dollar and see these films. Most Americans might spend a lifetime and never see a film that did not appear at the local theatre.

In the film council movement itself, there is abundant effort and enormous good will, but a certain impact is lacking. It has been suggested, therefore, that the film council might sponsor a series of perhaps eight packaged programs of short films, each program running a little over an hour, and each dealing with an important current topic, but balanced in interest with all the skill which the program-makers could put into it. One program would be released per month, and it would open simultaneously in twenty or thirty cities under the aegis of the local film council. A campaign in the national press would arouse interest in these programs and stimulate groups and individuals to see the pictures in their localities.




We welcome this proposal, and suggest that it might be a means to give the non-theatrical film that flavor of showmanship which it has rather conspicuously lacked. A little too conscious, perhaps, of its own goodness, it has disdained the arts of make-up, and has too often allowed itself to appear in public dressed in last year's fashions. The glitter and glamor of its more popular sister, the entertainment film, have only made it more determined never to be caught in an attitude of frivolity.

It is surely time to get rid of this rather puritanical solemnity. New ideas are seldom dull, and ideas on film should be the brightest of all, for film has always known how to keep its audience entertained. The 16mm. film should be equated in people's minds with the non-fiction book, which has enjoyed a spectacular increase of sales in the last decade and has long lost the stamp of dulness which it once wore.

Granted, then, a measure of showmanship and a wide choice of films, we believe that a distribution scheme of packaged programs under film council guidance might be the pump-primer which would project the 16mm. film into wide popular acceptance. It may be that some initial capitalizing of print costs would be needed to launch the scheme. The idea of simultaneous release in many cities, though a commonplace in entertainment movies, is new to non-theatrical film. It is essential if national publicity is to be applied on a large scale to arouse interest.

One of the foundations, however, might well be inclined to give this further financial support to the 16mm. film movement, which has already won so many friends by its championship of good causes.

—RAYMOND SPOTTISWOODE.



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**16mm.** *Wesley H. Greene has for twelve years operated his own 16mm. distribution firm, International Film Bureau, Inc., in Chicago. Previous to that he had spent five years at the University of Chicago as teacher in the Laboratory Schools and director of activities at International House. During the war he was co-ordinator of distribution with the National Film Board of Canada, and two years ago was chairman of the Films of the World Festival in Chicago. He brings to the subject of 16mm. distribution an unrivaled knowledge.*

# *Midwest Takes the Lead*

THERE is much talk today about 16mm. films and how to see them. Sometimes, in fact, there is more talk than action. In one city the organizing group almost talked a proposed film council out of existence in a year of discussions of a constitution. Finally this group set up some film previews and now the city has an active film council. In Chicago no attempt was made to put the organization on paper until the Chicago Film Council had been operating for almost two years. In addition to occasional luncheon meetings the Chicago Film Council has a monthly preview of new films the last Friday of each month. Last year this group sponsored the first 16mm. World Film Festival held in the United States. From coast to coast there are almost 100 cities, large and small, which have film councils. In the larger cities the film council serves as a 16mm. professional group as well as an agency for introducing films to community leaders, arranging previews, and making suggestions to local organizations concerning the use of 16mm. films in their programs. In some communities the film council has formulated public demand for better use of films through schools or public libraries.

A film council or film preview group cannot thrive on talk alone. While conventions of people who work with films may well meet to discuss matters of common professional interest, it is important that groups interested in films see films first and talk about them later. Films are an important agency of education in a democracy, but there is more to democracy than technique, and film groups particularly should beware of meetings where time is wasted gracefully and nothing of consequence done according to Hoyle.

At the organization meeting of the Chicago Scientific Film Society two years ago the group first spent an hour seeing "Spelunking" (cave exploration), "Your Children's Eyes" (British documentary), and a Canadian color film, "Insects." Seventy laymen and professional workers had assembled—all acting as individuals and not as spokesmen of their organizations. In ten minutes those present endorsed the idea of a film society to hold monthly showings, authorized the temporary chairman to enlarge the organizing committee to seven, and asked the committee to bring a slate of officers to the next film showing. The meeting was concluded by showing Shell Oil Company's "Hydraulics" and Coronet's color film "Sulphur and its Compounds."

In many schools and colleges throughout the country students see films in classrooms and lecture halls. On college campuses, even where films are not often used in classes, students have set up showings of foreign and documentary films. About 1935 three students organized a documentary-film club at the University of Chicago and today this group presents a monthly documentary-film program and a monthly feature. The University of Chicago Chapter of the United World Federalists presents a weekly film program, and more than a dozen other student groups on the campus show films outside the classroom. At the University of Chicago so far this school year there have been thirty extra-curricular showings per month under student sponsorship.

The general practice in the country is for showings outside the classroom to be self-supporting. Most of the showings mentioned were set up originally in 35mm., but today the large majority of all campus showings are 16mm. This is a matter of convenience and availability of films. A 16mm. sound film showing can be set up almost anywhere—in a room at home or in an auditorium. The film itself is on safety stock, and anyone who can drive a car can learn to operate a 16mm. sound projector in an hour or less.

Campus film showings are also in 16mm. because thousands of films are


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available only in this size. The annual issue of the "Educational Film Guide," published by H. W. Wilson Company, lists more than 5,000 titles and gives brief descriptions of each. Not one per cent of these films is available in 35mm. size. In fact, many — particularly the color ones — were produced originally in 16mm. and not in 35mm.

Films, like books, do not have to be funny or thrilling or fictional to be entertaining to those for whom they were produced. And in some communities films, like books, may be borrowed from public libraries. Among the larger film collections in the country are those at the public libraries in Cleveland, Akron, Cincinnati, Toledo, Charlotte, Rochester, Stamford, Detroit, Milwaukee, Louisville, Dallas, Seattle, and Portland. In Wyoming the Weld County Library provides a film as well as book service and in Missouri the State Library makes films available to the public. Many public libraries which have not yet set up film collections are prepared to give out information concerning film sources.

There are hundreds of commercial film rental libraries scattered over the country and some of these rent educational and documentary films as well as features. The film rental structure of the 16mm. industry was set up in the depression years and rates are not much higher today than then. In some areas, however, if children are to have access to the latest and best educational sound films, parents will have to rent the films and show them at home. In the United States we have all kinds of extremes, but the extremes in visual education are among the strangest of all.

Schools draw films from libraries maintained by boards of education, state universities, and, in the case of Ohio, Virginia, and Louisana, from libraries set up by the state. Unfortunately in some areas, particularly in the East, school authorities have been slow to provide for visual education. A few comparisons will be shocking, but I give them because there is no point in dodging the facts. Educational film producers and distributors often meet in hotel rooms at convention time and discuss the markets for their wares. They tell each other that New England and New York and a few other states are very slow to buy educational films. They say that more films were sold in the State of Mississippi in 1947 than in the entire State of New York. That Oakland bought more films than New York, and Dallas more than Philadelphia. They mention that every high school in Chicago now has a library of the most important films and that the Board of Education there buys as many prints of each film as teachers require. You hear that Arkansas and Arizona each bought more films last year than all the schools and colleges and boards of education in the five New England states. There are more prints of sound educational films in the rental library maintained by Indiana University than there are in all educational-film libraries from the District of Columbia to the Canadian border including Pennsylvania, New York, and New England. Over fifty million people live in the strip of states along the Atlantic stretching from Maine to Florida, yet only about ten per cent of the educational films sold in the U. S. are delivered to buyers in this area.

Wide use of films in education is made in the Middle West, where such state universities as Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Colorado have long maintained film libraries to serve all film users at nominal rates. Notable also is the tremendous growth of the visual medium in the schools and colleges of Washington, Oregon, California, and Texas. In these states there are close to 200 film libraries owned and operated by city- and county-school systems. The rule in California and Texas is the exception in New England and New York. The only Atlantic state which compares favorably with California is Virginia, where a remarkable system of film libraries was set up under the guidance of the State Department of Education when Colgate Darden was Governor of the state.

It should not be inferred that Eastern cities have no films at their boards of education. Philadelphia and New York have had film libraries for many years, but these are stocked principally with silent films, and almost no provision made for the purchase of enough new sound films. Those in charge of the programs of visual education in these two cities have had many years of experience, but cannot be expected to do a job with the inadequate sums put at their disposal. But one of the worst financed cities in the East when it comes to visual education is Washington. The budget set up for both personnel and films is hopelessly inadequate and no one seems to know how to remedy the situation. While the Board of Education in Baltimore does an admirable job and has money to buy films, children who live in the nation's Capital are virtually deprived of many excellent visual aids.

Fortunately, those who want to see films do not have to wait on administrative decisions of governments. They can acquire a 16mm. projector for little more than the cost of a good radio and share the expense of films with a few neighbors. What has been done by 16mm. film groups on and off campuses can be done by any group of people who wish to see films.

—Wesley H. Greene.

## *Film Bookshelf*

*FILM AND EDUCATION. Edited by Godfrey Elliott. New York: Philosophical Library.* 1949. 597 *pp.* $6.50.

The length of this book, and the fact that it took thirty-seven contributors to write it, is an impressive index of the importance of the film in many branches of education. Different chapters in the book discuss the classroom use of films in reading, science, mathematics, social studies, art, business, education, and many others fields; the place of film in religious education, in the armed services, and in the training of sales personnel. There is a summary section on the importance of the educational film abroad, with special reference to Britain and Canada. The book closes with a detailed survey of administrative practices and problems.

Mr. Elliott, in the role of author, has written one of the best chapters in the book, on the genesis of the educational film; and, as editor, has picked his thirty-six colleagues from among the outstanding authorities in each field. However, the condensation of large subjects into fifteen or twenty pages has given a rather breathless feeling to the book. The authors struggle to cover their chosen territories in so cramped a space and often succeed in presenting only a rather dry summary of facts. Some of them are further hampered by a pedagogical "gobbledygook" which affronts the eye more and more often in educational writings.

The best contributions are those in which the authors have spread themselves somewhat; among them Oreon Keesler, of Bakersfield, on the teaching film in science and Gordon Adamson on the educational film in Canada. Among shorter contributions, Glen Burch on films for film forums, and Kenneth Norberg's "Applications of the Film in Reading," seemed to this reviewer to be outstanding.

A very large number of 16mm. films are mentioned in the text, almost all of them with well-edited source references.



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# The Film Forum

## *SPONSORED FILMS*

*The Saturday Review's* Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We return this week to the subject of the sponsored film and its failure to measure up to the great work it ought to be doing. Three of the films reviewed, half travelog, half social commentary, contribute almost nothing to our knowledge of America. The fourth, produced under university auspices in the South, shows what can be done with comparatively slender resources if there is a real will to do a useful social job.*

### MEN OF GLOUCESTER, PUEBLO BOY, SOUTHERN HIGHLANDERS

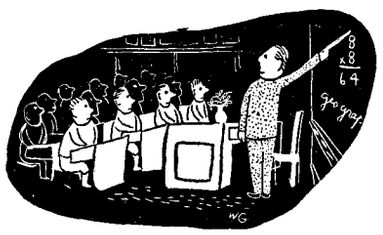
**Three color films in the Americans at Home Series, sponsored by the Ford Motor Co., and produced by Transfilm, Inc., New York. (22 mins., 22 mins., 19 mins.) Available from your local Ford dealer.**

This continuing series of Ford-sponsored films seems to have sprung from the laudable desire to make Americans in all their rich variety of background better known to one another. Yet what these films reveal is not so much America as the mind of Henry Ford, Sr. This is not, of course, the Ford of the *Dearborn Independent* and the bitter labor struggles described by Upton Sinclair in "The Flivver King." Rather, these films reflect the old gentleman of Greenfield Village, meandering along the folkways of America, trying to convince himself that "There's a Ford in Your Past."

"Men of Gloucester," for instance, the first and the best film of the three, gives no hint that more than one kind of storm can strike a community dependent on a single source of income—the sea. There is no feeling of a hard and risky economic life for the fisherman, to be countered perhaps by cooperative marketing designed so that he can hold and share what he has won. Instead, it is the blessings of the Catholic Church which divide honors with the mackerel fishery, and the sun goes down at the end of the film in a Kodachrome aura of piety and content.

In "Pueblo Boy" it is a misty vision of the Spirit of his Ancestors which reconciles the Indian to the denial of his rights by the white man, and the inconsiderable "Southern Highlanders" demonstrates how psalm-singing and the amiable platitudes of the village teacher will make up for a world of poverty and backwardness.

This nostalgic evocation of an America which has been is a kind of pipe-dream of the great corporation past its prime—when it has ceased to welcome social progress, and desires only an acquiescent public which will leave it alone with the memories of its unfettered past. These films, distributed free through dealers with a fine largesse, may



possibly backfire by their very unreality and set people thinking in more effective terms. But they are hypnotic, dangerously hypnotic.

It remains to say that the camera work in color is always beautiful, often magnificent, and that Ford advertising is confined to a title, save that a Ford sedan, no longer of current design, may be seen gliding past the camera now and then.

### THE SCHOOL THAT LEARNED TO EAT

**Produced by the Southern Educational Film Production Service, Athens, Ga., for General Mills, Inc. (22 mins.) Available from General Mills, Minneapolis, Minn. In color.**

While far less ambitious in subject than the Ford films, "The School that Learned to Eat" does a wonderfully good job of exploring its own small piece of territory. The teachers at a school in a country town realize that the children in their charge aren't getting enough to eat. They are listless at work and play, and the attendance records don't measure up to standard.

What the teachers do is reflected in a change of attitude by the whole school. A dietary expert explains to teachers and parents the fundamentals of good feeding, but this is only a small part of her task. She sets out to engage the interest and enthusiasm of the children themselves. She makes them understand that what matters most is not how much they eat, but what they eat. And she starts them off on all sorts of interesting projects.

They compare the growth of guinea pigs which have been given different amounts of proteins and vitamins, they put on puppet plays to show the need of proper diet, and they stage all sorts of exhibits in the classroom. The result is that before long the school is well on its way to becoming one of the healthiest in its locality.

"The School that Learned to Eat" is technically excellent. It has some of the best color photography ever seen in 16mm., and a warm and understanding (though rather overcrowded) commentary. The handling of the children is exceptionally happy and natural. This film does great credit to the unit which made it and the firm which sponsored it.

—RAYMOND SPOTTISWOODE.

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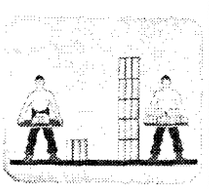

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## FORETASTE OF SPRING

WITH the forsythia budding before February was over, New Yorkers are wondering what late March, April, and May will bring. Macy's gift of dozens of flowering cherry trees for Central Park is a promise of a very special glory this year. The Gratitude Train from France has come and gone. Some of its individual gifts sent this reviewer back to reading the Perrault fairy tales in the French nineteenth-century edition of Henri Laurens, with the illustrations by six outstanding French artists, and to the American edition of the Andrew Lang "Aucassin and Nicolette." Gifts like the American flag so exquisitely made by a group of French women, the pink gloves and brown pocketbook "for a little Negro girl whose father was killed in the war," and the glamorous little mannequins in their period dresses brought the very spirit of France into a building on Park Avenue, New York, USA. Watching a large group of children shepherded through the exhibit by a teacher, we wondered what books they had read about France. We longed to tell them "Puss in Boots" or a scene from the "Song of Roland" right then and there.

With the *Herald Tribune* international High-School Forum coming just one week before this review is published we have devoted most of our space to books for older boys and girls. Again we wish that the thirty-four guest students might take copies of a number of these new books home with them. —MARY GOULD DAVIS.

*SON OF THE VALLEY. By John R. Tunis. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1949. 192 pp. $2.50.*

THIS is a story of an American experiment—the reclaiming of the valley of the Tennessee River through a Government project. This reviewer is lucky enough to have been driven last spring through many miles of the land under the Tennessee Valley Authority, to have had lunch with some of the engineers and construction workers at the top of the last dam under construction, to see the schools and public libraries, to have glimpsed as we drove past the primitive cabins blazing with electric lights and boasting electric washing machines and refrigerators. Of all that adventure, the most impressive thing was the renewal of the land itself—the lakes where no lakes had existed, the contour-ploughing on the hills.

Tom Heiskell's family came to Tennessee from North Carolina over the mountains in 1785. For six generations they lived on the Tennessee Valley farm, growing tobacco and cotton. Slowly the fertile soil died, through erosion and lack of phosphate. The Heiskell family grew poorer and poorer. When the TVA engineers decided that the Heiskell farm, with many others, must be flooded Johnny Heiskell bitterly resented it. His was the last family to move out of the valley to a new farm at Cat Creek. But when he found that the new land was worthless, too, Johnny's curiosity about the new methods of farming that were reclaiming and enriching the land was stronger than his resentment. "Son of the Valley" is really the story of the making of a man. Johnny grew from a puzzled, irresponsible boy into a competent, independent farmer during that struggle of his with ignorance and prejudice and the forces of Nature. Mr. Tunis's picture of the methods and policy of the TVA, of the land-agent and the 4H Clubs, of the spirit of cooperation that spread slowly but steadily through the valley is convincing and deeply American. Reading it, we wonder if in any other country just such a record could be made. The stubborn independence of the valley people, the scope and immensity of the engineering and agricultural projects, the individual thought and effort that were so freely given—all these things lie below the story of Johnny Heiskell and his valiant struggle to make a living out of the land. Boys and girls may, at first, resent the fact that John Tunis has temporarily deserted the sports to write this chronicle. But they will read this book for its innate drama. Reading it, they will realize that they have absorbed the story of the making of an American.

—*From "Battle Latterns."*

*PILGRIM KATE. By Helen F. Daringer. Illustrated by Kate Seredy. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1949. 252 pp. $2.50.*

IN THIS story of an English family living at Scrooby in the year before the Pilgrims started for Holland and their long journey across the Atlantic Helen Daringer has succeeded in creating a memorable character. Kate Endicott is fifteen when the story opens—vigorous, intensely interested in things and in people, eager for experience and for adventure. Her father and mother were loyal to the Church of England but Meg, the older daughter, had fallen in love with Gervase Neville, a strong supporter of the growing band of separatists. Not understanding the basic reasons for the break, Kate watched it widen. Instinctively she sided with Meg, but she was puzzled. The coming of two young London aristocrats to Scrooby, Felicity and Hugh Fitzhugh, brought a new element into her life and she welcomed it; but her inner thoughts were dominated by Meg and her problems. As in her two previous books, Miss Daringer seems to get inside the heart and brain of her heroine, following every change of thought and emotion, building up slowly a character who is truly alive. Kate had humor and impulsiveness. She had to watch, and even undergo, doubt and change and suffering before the decision was made and she and her father and mother left their English home and set sail for Holland: "She stood shoulder to shoulder with Father and Mother, leaning against the wind that had begun to blow up from the north. The bark rode free, seeking the ocean where only the far-sailing ships go out." One feels sympathy for Kate but not pity. Wherever she goes, her courage and her joy in life would go with her. Does she ever see Hugh again? It really does not matter. There is a curious timeliness in Kate's



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story. The 300 years between her time and ours seem to mean very little. Hundreds, perhaps thousands of girls face problems much like hers.

Kate Seredy has made some expressive drawings of Scrooby and its people, and the type is particularly clear and readable.

*POP WARNER'S BOOK FOR BOYS. By Glenn S. Warner. Illustrated by Richard Stevens and Photographs. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.* 1949 $3.

A famous coach in football, and in other sports, tells boys how to train their minds and bodies to be good sportsmen from childhood to maturity. A personal experience of Pop Warner's when he was at college is a dramatic example of the *wrong* way to begin a career in amateur or professional sports. He tells you here the right way. His style is easy and friendly and he speaks always in terms that a boy can understand. The book is illustrated with black and white sketches and with photographs of outstanding people in the world of sports in action.

*BATTLE LANTERNS. By Merritt Parmelee Allen. Decorations by Ralph Ray. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.* 1949. 279 *pp.* $2.50.

THERE are really two themes in this satisfying story of the Revolutionary War in America. The first, and most important, is young William Barlow's part in the campaign of "Marion's Men" in North and South Carolina. Bill, the son of a New York merchant, is wrecked near Charles Town and it is Francis Marion who cares for him and gives him a share in the thrilling battle of Fort Moultrie. There Bill's hero-worship of Marion is born and it stays with him until the end of the story. The secondary theme is the fortune in gold that Bill's father had buried on a tiny island off the Charles Town coast. It was the gold that was responsible for the kidnaping of Bill and his three terrible years as a slave on a West Indian plantation. One of the most vivid characters in the story — the huge Negro, Luke,—helps Bill escape and get back to General Marion and the action in the closing years of the war. Bill's gold is recovered, and he gives it as a loan to the new Government of the United States of America.

This is a book that leaves a deep impression of people and of events that made our history. Bill and Luke and the irrepressible young Scotsman, MacDonald, live and move through the story, making background and action a living reality. It is exciting, often moving, without being in the least melodramatic. It should have a long life in the homes and schools and libraries of America.

*KEEP THE WAGONS MOVING. By West Lathrop. Illustrated by Douglas Duer. New York: Random House.* 1949. 337 *pp.* $2.50.

THIS story is true to its title, for the action moves as rapidly as in a film. We know, from the first paragraph, that in the month of May, 1846, young Jason Coit is on his way to Oregon. He travels in a train of thirty wagons as assistant to a neighbor from Illinois. Cleverly interwoven with the adventures that bring hazards and joy to Jason are the adventures of his younger brother, Sammy. Captured by a French trapper, Sammy finally manages to escape and, proud and happy, meets Jason and his train near Fort Hall—their goal.

The two boys, both in their own way strong and lovable characters, win the affection and admiration of their elders. The other characters are well drawn also; Liddy, the shrewd and kind-hearted woman who outwits the Indians, Bill Brewster, the old scout and adviser of the train, and many others who make the story an epic of pioneer days in North America. The author has used reliable data for the background of his book. He shows, as in "The Black River Captive," that he is familiar with the ways of the Indians and of adventurous white pioneers. With its familiar background, its two well-drawn boy characters, one villain who is finally

## *Newbery & Caldecott*

MARGARET M. CLARK, of the Cleveland Public Library, chairman of this year's Awards Committee of the Children's Library Association, announced the winners of the annual Newbery and Caldecott Medals, February 28, at the New York office of Frederic G. Melcher, president of *Publishers' Weekly* and donor of the prizes. Marguerite Henry, author of "King of the Wind," published by Rand McNally, received the Newbery Medal for "the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children," while the Caldecott Medal went to Berta and Elmer Hader, whose "The Big Snow," published by The Macmillan Co., was judged the best picture book for youngsters in 1948.


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caught, the discovery of gold, and plenty of adventure, this makes an absorbing and satisfying story. The book, cleverly designed with the chapter headings in heavy black and white, looks like a nineteenth-century work. The illustrations reflect the pioneer spirit that dominates the story.

—BLANCHE WEBER SHAFFER.

*GAY MELODY. By Martha Gwinn Kiser. Decorations by Jane Castle. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1949. 212 pp. $2.50.*

OLDER girls who have read Martha Kiser's "Rosanna" will remember Rosanna's younger sister, Melody. This is her story—and her romance. Like the first book, the scene is Concord and the time the middle years of the nineteenth century. Famous people of a rich New England period appear in these pages. The Merrill family lived near the Alcott family and the Alcott girls were intimate friends of Rosanna and Melody. Henry Thoreau invites them all to a picnic. Ralph Waldo Emerson is a familiar figure. Melody teaches school and manages to make it a lively and engaging occupation. She goes to parties and on trips to New York and Philadelphia. She falls in love and is wooed and won by a grave young teacher. The story ends on her wedding day, with delightful details of dresses and flowers and setting. This is a thoroughly feminine story. Melody is a dear. Her irrepressible humor, her pretty clothes, the details of her love affair have a great appeal. It is an entertaining picture of New England at a time when the New England people were establishing a tradition that will never be forgotten.

*MIDNIGHT: A COW PONY. By Colonel S. P. Meek. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1949. 217 pp. $2.50.*

THIS is a story of a cattle ranch in Texas and of Bill Stephens and the black pony with a white star on his forehead—Midnight. Bill wasn't really Bill Stephens at all. He came to the Lazy E Ranch incognito. Bill was really Willem Stuyvesant van Stuykell, Fourth, the grandson of the original owner of the ranch. The cowboys gave him a rough time at first, but they soon learned that Bill "had what it takes." Every detail of a cowboy's training and equipment is described in Bill's story. Every little adjustment between a man and his horse is a part of the record. We know exactly how and why Bill and Midnight found themselves as a team, and learned to work together for the good of the ranch. There is a prairie fire, a gang of rustlers, a battle with a Bengal tiger that had escaped from a circus, and a round-up. In the end, Bill emerges as the owner of the Lazy E Ranch and a full-fledged cowboy in his own right. Boys and girls will probably speak of this book as a Western. It is a good one.

—*From "Jan's Victory."*

*JAN'S VICTORY. Story and Pictures by Betty Morgan Bowen. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1949. 167 pp. $2.50.*

Jan Maarten's family was driven out of Vlissingen on Walcheron Island in Holland when the Germans flooded it during the Second World War. This is the story of their return, of their valiant effort to restore the Maarten homestead, of Jan's bitterness and a sense of frustration that is turned slowly, through suffering, to determination and hope. It is a moving story and one that emphasizes for boys and girls the utter futility of war. There is mystery and drama in it through the story of Jan's father and the carpenter of Vlissingen. Miss Bowen's intimate knowledge of Holland and its reconstruction of the devastated cities gives the book color and meaning. Her drawings have a feeling for the background and for the irrepressible humor and gaiety of the Dutch children.

*YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOOK OF JET PROPULSION. By Frank Ross, Jr. New York: R. M. McBride & Co. 1948. 128 pp. $2.75.*

Before the author of this goes into the technical side of jet propulsion he explains its principle, and tells of our awakening to its possibilities when the Germans began "hurling jet-propelled fighter planes against the over-powering strength of the Allied air armada." Then he takes up in three groups the jet-propelled planes and rockets of the Air Force and the Navy and the flying test tubes. It is a thrilling story of research centers and huge industrial plants. Unusually fine halftones illustrate each model that he describes.

*THE KEENE PARTY BOOK. By Frances W. Keene. Illustrated by the author. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. Pelham, N. Y.: The Seahorse Press. 1949. 255 pp. $2.50.*

Mrs. Keene is the mother of four children and has actually accomplished all the things that she tells of in this attractive and informing book. The key to her success is a sentence or two in her foreword: "The best parties are the result of careful preparation which produces a smoothly-running affair—and need not cost a fortune, either." She uses the Dennison crepe paper as the mainstay of her decorations and favors. She tells, and illustrates with diagrams and sketches, just how to make the favors and the decorations for parties that celebrate the holidays and very special occasions. The section on games gives quiet games and games that actively engage the actively-inclined children. Her own children range in age from three to fifteen, and her books covers these ages, the parties getting more formal and sophisticated as they get older. But the most appealing thing about her book is its spirit. The mothers who have it as a guide will enjoy her point of view as much as they will gain by her knowledge. A useful book in a family—practical and inviting.



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# The New Recordings

| COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS | ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface* | PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT |
|---|---|---|
| BRITTEN, THE RAPE OF LUCRETIA. (Slightly abridged.) Peter Pears, Joan Cross, N. Lumsden, D. Dowling, etc. Chamber Orch. under composer's supervision. RCA Victor DM 1288 (8) | Competent recording of rather close voices, small orchestra. Highs seem a bit weak (did original have more?), some voices blast a bit on peaks. Still, a most satisfactory job, with fine perspective effects. | (*See below.*) You may want to compare this to Menotti's "The Medium." Astonishingly fine solo singing, British style. Text largely intelligible. (No printed text.) Some sides of this you will be unlikely to forget. Try side 6. Music is modal rather than dissonant, understated, crystal clear, the singing unbellowed. |

## MORE MUSIC WITH PIANO

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| MOZART, PIANO SONATA IN F, K. 332. Vladimir Horowitz. RCA Victor DM 1284 (2) | Good piano recording but the music doesn't always cooperate. When it is both slow and soft, (esp. in Mozart) the hiss intrudes. Some peaky percussive notes stand out. Louder parts are fine. | A pianist proves his greatness in Mozart. H. makes this truly big musically, not the usual finger exercise. Worth any pianist's close study. I find the Kabalevsky annoying—Prokofieff-like but with little subtlety. H. plays it harshly, as it is. |
| KABALEVSKY, PIANO SONATA #3, Op. 46. Vladimir Horowitz. RCA Victor DM 1282 (2) | | |
| BEETHOVEN, VIOLIN SONATA #5, Op. 24 ("SPRING"). Jascha Heifetz, Emanuel Bay. RCA Victor DM 1283 (2) | Continues violin sonata series, perhaps all recorded same time. This has fine big sound, favors violin just a bit too much. Good range. | More of the Heifetz-Bay sonata series (*SRL* Dec. 11, 1948). Good cooperation from an old team; a few softnessess from Heifetz, hardly troublesome. |
| BEETHOVEN, TRIO IN D, Op. 70, #1. ("GHOST.") Busch-Serkin Trio. Columbia MM 804 (3) | Wide range, but not overly good sound. Deadish, the two strings close, sharp and dry. Piano is more live, blends poorly. | Outstanding performance of a fiery Beethoven work, chiefly due to fabulous Serkin energy, here recorded most effectively. |

## THE RAPE OF LUCRETIA

"THE RAPE OF LUCRETIA" is an arresting work purely as dramatic music. It is the full-bodied sparseness of classic tragedy. Britten has written his share of well-made stuffing. He handles a huge orchestra with effects as sound as any. Fine padding rounds out the long "Peter Grimes" score, but here there is none. This is music of extraordinary instrumental and vocal efficiency and of astonishing mood, made with a handful of sounds. Like no other living composer Britten uses the human voice as a pliant instrument. His vocal lines here are unearthly in their perfect suitability to the human organ yet utterly original in effect. His instruments, too, are most human musical voices. With these means, and with the traditional British modality, he evokes an atmosphere (see also the Serenade for Tenor, Horn, and Strings) hypnotic in its intensity, almost tangible in its fragility. Upon such perfectly maintained moods tragedy depends, in all times.

This is no modern opera. It flies back, overleaping the whole of opera itself, to the very spirit of the old tragedy. Gluck found classic simplicity and dignity for his Grecian stories, Stravinsky a severe discipline and formality for his; Britten touches a more spontaneous restraint not felt as discipline but as fulness, a restraint rare in recent centuries. A single harp, a near voice, two voices off-stage, nothing else—and one's spine tingles. Why write for larger forces when this is done with so little?

Strange—the weakest music in "Lucretia" is the scene of rape itself. But what in classic tragedy is the mere physical deed but a *modus operandi*, a most casual excuse for exalted emotions at length? So it is with Britten: prologue and epilogue are the whole.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.


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# the Phoenix Nest

### ISRAEL

BY a Hand within your hand
Through the garrulous fires of hell,
A land and the name of a land:
Israel.

Mocked and betrayed and banned,
Out of grief too grim to tell,
A rampart risen and manned:
Israel.

Eshcol the spies had scanned,
In the waste of the world a well,
Fire-flower of the endless sand:
Israel.

A tower to the clouds to stand,
A joy that calls like a bell,
A faith that burns like a brand:
Israel.

—W. R. B.

* * *

The *SRL*'s own Dave McCord (we call him that, because for years he has contributed an occasional poem or review) is one of the officers of the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, which not so long ago celebrated its fiftieth year of continuous publication. It was presented the Robert Sibley Magazine Award, and I have no hesitation in saying so, even if this column *is* put together by a Yale man! It was cited for its covers, illustrations, and text. I notice, in an address delivered by William Bentinck-Smith last January, a year ago, that he remarked:

> Do we not invariably try to discover which anonymous contribution E. B. White has made to *The New Yorker*'s Talk of the Town or what William Rose Benét will discuss in his PHOENIX NEST in the current *Saturday Review*?

All I can say is, I hope we do, invariably! And I am flattered to be mentioned in the same sentence with "Andy" White. As for knowing what I am going to discuss, I usually don't know myself till my Smith-Corona glares me in the face and says, "O. K., Bud—now write something!"

* * *

*The American Quarterly*, a new magazine, deals in history, institutions, ideas, literature, and the fine arts. William Van O'Connor, of the University of Minnesota, is the executive editor; and the Cleveland School of Art, the University of California, the University of North Carolina, and Columbia University all have representatives on the board of editors. Contributors will include Harry Hayden Clark, Parker Tyler, Frederick J. Hoffman, Robert Spiller, Lionel Trilling, Waldo Frank, Dwight MacDonald, Howard Mumford Jones, Léonie Adams, Louis Wright, and Lewis Mumford. Address: University of Minnesota Press, 10 Nicholson Hall, Minneapolis, 14.

* * *

### ON LOOKING INTO WALTER BENTON

At last—
You have cooked my goose with one sweet fiery kiss.
At last—
You have spitted me upon the honeyed point of your desire.
But Darling—
All I want to know is this,
Where's the fire?

—S. J. MELBY.

* * *

Of her home in Vermont, Genevieve Taggard wrote:

> Gilfeather: a name and a place and a part of Vermont.
> All elegy and hope—hard to say how.
> Not a family home.
> It's old, house built the year of Shays' rebellion.
> When we go to Gilfeather we feel
> Oldness and newness, the quick, the dead and the future.

These lines may have inspired the friends and neighbors who have organized themselves as the Gilfeather Associates to perpetuate the spirit of the place with which the poet's later years and writing were so closely linked. The Associates announce the establishment of the Genevieve Taggard Residence to provide annually a summer home for a young writer, painter, musician, or other creative artist who might benefit by a chance to work in the seclusion of the West River Valley. It is emphasized that the residence will not be awarded to persons of recognized achievement but rather on the basis of potential ability.

The residence for 1949 has been given to Robert M. Adams of Rutgers University, whose essay in *Accent* last summer, "A Hawk and a Handsaw for Ezra Pound," won Genevieve Taggard's enthusiastic approval. While at Gilfeather this summer, Mr. Adams expects to work on a book which develops the theme of that essay, dealing with certain trends in modern poetry exemplified in Pound, Eliot, and their adherents.

The Gilfeather Associates have other projects which they are not yet prepared to announce. They take a special interest in the Genevieve Taggard Collection in the Baker Library at Dartmouth College. This collection is already rich in first editions of the poet's work, including early magazine and newspaper appearances, as well as manuscripts and other documents. So that the life and work of the poet may be supplemented by a documentary record of her no less notable career as teacher at Mt. Holyoke, Bennington, Sarah Lawrence, and elsewhere, Mrs. Catherine Osgood Foster of Bennington and Mrs. Helen Lynd of Sarah Lawrence are asking former students and colleagues to contribute letters and memoirs of the teacher for this collection. The secretary of the Gilfeather Associates is Professor Basil Rauch of Columbia University.

* * *

### WORDS ARE LEAVES, AND WATER FLOWING

Words are stones and winds and stars;
Sturdy tools to break down bars;

Wheels and dynamos and springs;
Artists' brushes, throbbing wings.

Words are hands that reach through space,
Filled with friendship's strength and grace.

Words are leaves, and water flowing;
Myriad facets of man's knowing—

Seeds he scatters on the earth,
Unknowing what may spring to birth!

—DOLORES CAIRNS.

* * *

Speaking of Rhodes scholars, if you were speaking of them, we thought of this between dreaming and waking:

I love the laundry making soft collars
into starched collars
Just exactly the way Colonel McComic
of Chicago loves Rhodes scholars!

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 780)

NEFF:
*EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON*

Ours the blame for the long discouragement, ours the praise that there were individuals among us who permitted him to live by poetry. . . . It is our fault that the world must see him as a maimed giant . . . Robinson's life was a poem of courage. . . .



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## PERSONALS

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PROFESSOR INVESTIGATING MEDIAEVAL SOURCE MATERIAL wants secretarial research assistant for work in Paris, Oxford. Fair salary. Person paying traveling expenses preferred. Box 1069-D.

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YOUNG GENTLEMAN, discriminating, companionable, in business, college bred, would mince words with charming young Miss having simple tastes and refinement. Box 1048-D.

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WOMAN, COLLEGE BACKGROUND, understanding, employed, many interests, desires correspondence sincere gentleman. Box 1035-D.

YOUNG MOTHER, educated, critical, perceptive, wishes employment evenings at home. Suggestions? Box 1036-D.

## PERSONALS

BERMUDA—We have attractive, completely furnished, 5-room house on waterfront with 2 bedrooms to exchange for attractive, furnished apartment in N.Y.C., good location, at least 2 bedrooms. For 4 weeks during September or October. References exchanged Write: Mrs. H. Zuill, Sliphouse, Warwick, Bermuda.

LONESOME, YOUNG LADY, in the country, wishes to correspond with gentleman of educated background, impeccable character and discriminating tastes. Box 1037-D.

YOUNG WOMAN—thoroughly experienced and trained special librarian, desires work Southern California or Southern Arizona. Advertising preferred. Box 1038-D.

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YALE JUNIOR, 22, Dean's List, seeks summer job. Have worked as counselor, laborer, reporter. Box 1039-D.

HARVARD GRAD STUDENT will labor, menially or mentally, for summer travel. Box 1040-D.

BOY BIBLIOPHILE wants to meet girl bibliophile, puts his tryst in A&S book dept. See out-of-print section, "WE JUDGE BOOKS . . ."

YOUNG, UNIVERSITY, SECRETARIAL SCIENCE INSTRUCTRESS desires summer position, travel abroad as secretary, companion, governess. Speaks French. Box 1041-D.

FOR SALE—Is smog-weary metropolitan interested in seven-room cottage, lofty oaks, fresh Maryland air? 24-ft. living room, open hearth, rural community. 30 minutes from Washington. Fine transportation. Ideal for writer, artist, children. Write: Waddill, Washington Grove, Maryland.

GHOSTWRITER wanted for actual hunting and fishing stories. Box 1042-D.

FOR RENT: Summer home on Minnesota's finest lake. 6 bedrooms each with lavatory. 2½ baths. Maid's cabin with bath. PRIVATE GOLF COURSE with grass greens. Electric refrigeration and stove. Excellent swimming and fishing. Care taking and utilities furnished, $1500 for 1949 season May 15 to October 15. Box 1043-D.

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# DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 781

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. A small, short-tailed, dark sheep, esp. from the Isle of Man. | 68 178 26 46 2 7 93 149 |
| B. American painter (1865-1929; "Spanish Gypsy" in Met. Museum). | 186 28 42 35 138 |
| C. First name of heroine in title of lyric ballad by Poe. | 19 49 177 157 4 80 64 |
| D. A stupid fellow. | 163 3 142 184 25 182 53 43 |
| E. Vitiates; taints; makes poisonous. | 81 66 141 102 15 180 111 155 |
| F. Comes or goes back to a place, person, condition, etc. | 18 169 103 114 134 151 33 |
| G. Jan. 19, 1807 (anniversary is legal holiday in some Southern states; 2 wds.). | 63 104 127 24 116 121 143 185 119 162 82 69 |
| H. Gentleman attendant in royal household (hist.). | 144 172 30 77 148 54 |
| I. Cymric god of the dead, husband of Rhiannon (Brythonic myth.). | 168 147 117 89 160 |
| J. Not hindered or checked. | 71 154 51 156 106 86 100 125 |
| K. The native Indian language of Guadeloupe. | 122 41 139 152 91 175 |
| L. Pertaining to the Dog Star as known to the Egyptians. | 52 183 1 166 74 173 |
| M. Disturbing; agitated. | 131 94 70 62 14 187 159 |

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| N. The entrails. | 45 181 57 72 158 136 128 |
| O. Heraldic and national emblem of Scotland. | 31 40 98 83 60 13 88 |
| P. Displeased; vexed; annoyed. | 65 97 87 108 105 115 50 17 |
| Q. A human frailty in an admirable person (3 wds.). | 9 110 96 90 176 61 10 85 56 76 |
| R. Close-fitting breeches and stockings in one piece, formerly worn by Highlanders and Irishmen. | 75 79 135 20 6 |
| S. English statesman and historian ("History of the Rebellion," printed 1702-04). | 47 164 150 167 |
| T. Made possible, practicable, or easy. | 123 22 11 29 44 67 95 |
| U. A moment or detail of vivid interest (2 wds.). | 32 84 38 92 126 58 23 130 174 |
| V. Pipes or channels to release fluids. | 78 171 179 73 140 39 16 |
| W. A preparation from the fourth stomach of ruminants, for curdling milk. | 170 36 124 99 161 48 |
| X. Importunate; pressing. | 21 37 59 12 112 132 118 |
| Y. In Russia,, formerly an elective local district and provincial administrative assembly. | 113 120 188 129 165 27 8 |
| Z. Watering place in West Flanders, Belgium. | 146 137 34 5 107 55 |
| Z'. A donkey. | 145 153 101 133 109 |

## DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

*When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).*

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | | | | 1 L | 2 A | 3 D | | 4 C | 5 Z | 6 R | 7 A | | 8 Y | 9 Q | |
| 10 Q | 11 T | 12 X | 13 O | 14 M | 15 E | 16 V | | 17 P | 18 F | 19 C | 20 R | 21 X | 22 T | 23 U | 24 G | |
| 25 D | 26 A | 27 Y | 28 B | | 29 T | 30 H | 31 O | 32 U | | 33 F | 34 Z | 35 B | 36 W | 37 X | 38 U | 39 V |
| 40 O | | 41 K | 42 B | 43 D | | 44 T | 45 N | 46 A | 47 S | 48 W | 49 C | 50 P | 51 J | 52 L | | 53 D |
| 54 H | 55 Z | | 56 Q | | 57 N | 58 U | 59 X | 60 O | 61 Q | 62 M | 63 G | | 64 C | 65 P | 66 E | 67 T |
| 68 A | 69 G | | 70 M | 71 J | 72 N | 73 V | 74 L | 75 R | 76 Q | | 77 H | 78 V | 79 R | 80 C | | 81 E |
| 82 G | 83 O | 84 U | 85 O | 86 J | | 87 P | 88 O | 89 I | 90 Q | | 91 K | 92 U | 93 A | 94 M | | 95 T |
| 96 Q | 97 P | 98 O | 99 W | 100 J | 101 Z' | | 102 E | 103 F | 104 G | 105 P | | 106 J | 107 Z | | 108 P | 109 Z' |
| 110 Q | | 111 E | 112 X | 113 Y | 114 F | 115 P | | 116 G | 117 I | | 118 X | 119 G | 120 Y | 121 G | 122 K | |
| 123 T | 124 W | 125 J | 126 U | 127 G | 128 N | 129 Y | | 130 U | 131 M | 132 X | 133 Z' | 134 F | 135 R | 136 N | 137 Z | |
| 138 B | 139 K | | 140 V | 141 E | 142 D | 143 G | 144 H | | 145 Z' | 146 Z | 147 I | | 148 H | 149 A | 150 S | |
| 151 F | 152 K | 153 Z' | 154 J | | 155 E | 156 J | 157 C | 158 N | 159 M | 160 I | 161 W | 162 G | | 163 D | 164 S | |
| 165 Y | 166 L | 167 S | | 168 I | 169 F | 170 W | 171 V | 172 H | 173 L | 174 U | 175 K | 176 Q | 177 C | | 178 A | 179 V |
| | 180 E | 181 N | 182 D | | 183 L | 184 D | | 185 G | 186 B | 187 M | 188 Y | | | | | |

MARCH 12, 1949

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 40 of this issue.

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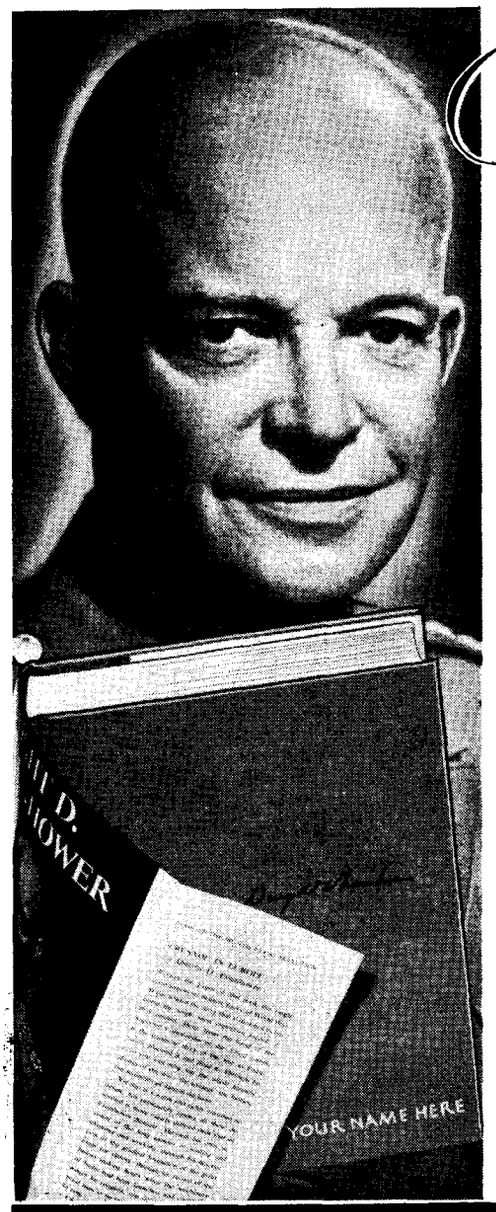


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